

**ANTHOLOGY
OF NEWSPAPER VERSE**

FOR 1919

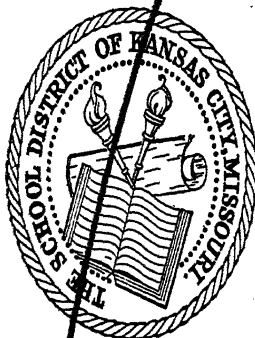
AND YEAR BOOK OF NEWSPAPER POETRY

BY

FRANKLYN PIERRE DAVIS

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OF
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NEWSPAPER POETRY**

**EDITED BY
FRANKLYN PIERRE DAVIS**

Enid, Oklahoma
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Introduction

To know the people of any country we first must understand their emotions. In America, a very small per cent of the people raise their voice through the press except in the form of verse. It is through the newspaper that public opinion is expressed, either as news reports or as editorials. When anything occurs that affects the people generally, some are always ready to tell the people's side of the question. This is often done through verse contributed to the papers. It is the answer of the people. As these contributions follow the current events of the day, the history of a country may be traced by the poems that appear in the publications of the time.

In the year just closing, three subjects stand out prominently. The first of these is the war, and we can easily trace the change from the spirit of hatred for the enemy, which was so manifest in the poems of 1918, to the songs of welcome to our returning soldiers, and, following this the beginning of the great reconstruction.

Next to the war the subject that seems to have most affected our people was the death of Theodore Roosevelt. Verses paying tribute were found not alone in the large metropolitan dailies, but they were also to be found in the small weekly papers from the far recesses of our country. They show that the people all over the nation felt the death of Roosevelt to be a personal loss. Whatever ones political opinion may be it is only fair to say that the verse of the time indicate that Roosevelt represented the true American ideal better than any public man of his time.

Another thing that was very noticeable in the sentiment of the people, as shown by the verse of the times, was the increased interest in the work of the Salvation Army. The noble work of the Salvation Army right up in the firing line with our soldiers won for the Salvation lassie and her kettle of doughnuts the everlasting love of the men in the ranks; and they did not forget the girl when

they came home. Their words of praise for the Salvation Army, while not detracting from the high regard in which they held all other agencies that worked so nobly for the care and entertainment of the boys, met a responsive cord in the hearts of the folks at home.

From newspaper verse alone one may easily learn that there has been a war in foreign lands; that our boys have taken part; that the war is over and the victory won; that our boys are home; that a statesman loved by the nation has passed on; that the Salvation Army did a noble work with the army and won the hearts of the soldiers; that the nation has declared for prohibition and woman suffrage; and that the sentiment of the heart—the story that never grows old—still is a part of the thoughts of every man and woman. However, the relatively small per cent of sentimental verse this year as compared with that of other years is noticeable.

That a large per cent of the verse published in newspapers is devoid of the essentials of true poetry may be admitted, and yet, I believe it will average up well with the verse published in the more pretentious publications of the day. Once in a while we find a true poet among the hundreds who have seen fit to voice their sentiments in rhyme and who contribute their unpolished verses without thought of fame or of pecuniary remuneration.

I have selected for this volume, from the great mass of material at my command, those poems which seemed to voice the sentiment of the people, and which I consider the most deserving of preservation.

I hope to be able to present annually the best of the verse published in newspapers in a volume which may preserve for the future the real sentiment of the American people and the true ideals of American life.

Franklyn Pierre Davis.

Enid, Oklahoma.

January 1, 1920.

Acknowledgment

I wish to express my thanks to the authors and publishers for their kind and courteous permission to use the material in the Anthology.

THE GIRL AT NEUVILLY CROSSROADS.

I stood at Neuville Crossroads, that wild
September day,
When the Transport Lines were solid from
Claremont all the way—
Solid up to the blazing line, waiting a
moment's chance
To edge along—to grind along—to follow
the big advance,
When out of the toil and turmoil there,
the word was passed about
There's something doing down the road!
They're passing the doughnuts out!

Tho the doughnuts had all departed, before
I had found the place,
The girl with the scarlet band was there,
with a smile upon her face.
She joked with the tired soldiers, and their
curses went unsaid,
For there wasn't a man in the army, who would
harm a hair on her head.
I don't know where she washed her face, or
brushed her bonnie hair,
For Life was too full to wash just then, and
we hadn't the time to spare,
Or where she slept with fearless heart, alone
in the Argonne flood,
For the only flop was a cold stone floor, or
a pup tent out in the mud.

But she found for herself a ruined barn, and
part of a broken stall,
And the roof that filtered the moonbeams in,
was never a roof at all;
But perhaps her thoughts went wandering back
to the manger of long ago
Where the Child of God, in his humble place,
gave birth to the love we know,
And her soul was steeled by her sovereign faith,
till the drone of the Hun up high,

Was lost in the pulsing majesty of her heart's
sweet lullaby.

She didn't have much to give or sell, for the
Transport Lines were slow,
But what did the dirty doughboy care, if she
was part of the show—
So long as she was on the job, and her
figure, neat and trim,
Then she was part of the Argonne Drive, and
that was enough for him.
For she was the symbol of things he had left
over across the sea,
And here she stood, when the hand of Death
was clasped on his shaking knee.

And for that, he loved her with all his heart,
which was all he had to give,
So he pledged himself to carry the word, if
his God would let him live.
And the word of the one was passed along, over
and under the ground,
Till the curious world has asked, at last, the
source of the strident sound.
And the word comes back that a girl has done
all that a girl can do,
And as she kept faith in the days of Death,
she expects the same from you.

William V. V. Stephens.

New York (N. Y.) Times.

THE FELON'S LAMENT

Outside my window, the prison window,
The red-hearted roses bloom!
I see them clamber across the grating,
A fragrant shadow of gloom!
Their petals fall on the straying breezes,
Like the down of a courier dove;

And I feel that the Father of sinners has given
A tribute true to His love!

Oh, when they blossom again, in the summers
Which lie on the bosom of time,
I know that the burst of their beauty will mingle
In ashes as mournful as mine!
But they go from the world a vision of glory;
They go, regretted of men;
While, oh, in my sin, and oh, in my anguish
I ask all vainly that ken!

Come, then, my beautiful, beautiful roses,
And weep at my grave alone;
Oh, come, with your radiant, royal blossoms,
And lay them above me and moan!
Yes, weep for my soul, in its sorrow and sinning,
And call for its peace, at last;
Weep, with the dew on your glinting petals;
Weep, for the world's out-cast!

Leslie Clare Manchester.

Erie County (N. Y.) Independent.

THE UNMOWN HIGHWAY.

I love the unmown highway where the crimson
sumachs blaze,
And the golden-rods run riot in their dear familiar
ways;
Where grapevines drape the fences, and the
bittersweet is seen
Glossily upon the sapling, while below,—beneath
—between—

Peep the saucy spanish needles with their count-
less cups of gold,
Each one filled with as much nectar as any bee
should hold:

Oh, the air is full of incense and a chorus sweet
and rare
All along the unmown highway with its' dear sweet
wild things there.

There are fragrant apples falling, tiny, hard, and
round and green
From the crab-tree that in Maytime was the pinkest,
sweetest seen:
And the grapevines purple bunches take us back to
spring-time, too,
When its' mignonette—sweet blossoms wafted out
their fragrance new.

And the tiny wrens and bruebirds, flitting, darting,
to and fro,
Sounded timid notes of warning; did they take me
for a foe?
And the thrush, I hear her "tushing" to her eager,
hungry brood,
While afar her mate swung, thrilling, his own
anthem to the Wood.

In Midsummer the wild roses nestled there in
sweet repose,
Shy, sweet, modest, perfect darlings of the dear
unkempt hedgerows.
Where the thorn-tree snowed its' blossoms on
Sweet Williams down below
And in fall the purple asters sway on all the winds
that blow.

Oh, I love an unmown highway with a hedgerow
hanging o'er;
There are scarlet leaves in autumn, flowers and
fruit have gone before;
There we found the sweet wild berries in the shade
of noon-tide heat;
Some may call such road-sides shiftless, but to me
they are just sweet!

Home Life, Chicago, Ill. Pearl Haley Patrick.

A DESERTED SHIPYARD.

The ships at their moorings creak and groan,
Whispering in melancholy undertone;
The tiny life boats strain at their ties—
A swish-swash rythm of sluggish sighs.

The great hulls loom in majestic scorn,
As though to inner dignity born,
Superior they to men's despair.
Mighty products of their toil and care.

The forges where iron like straw was bent,
Vacant now, as if their fury spent,
And the wild tatoo of steel on steel,
Replaced by calm as of death's own seal.

The Machine Shop forever astir,
With giant machines in dizzying whirr,
Lurks in the shadow like a thing abused,
Its stout doors locked; its powers unused.

Compressor House, with its thunderous din,
Echoes now to the drop of a pin.
Great forces that made Industry hum,
As useless as a world gone dumb.

Like toys of Little Boy Blue, awaiting skill
Of hands that are idle and voices still;
As if Life itself had taken wings,
Leaving a graveyard of forsaken things.

Oakland (Cal.) Tribune. Eva Lovell Dunbar.

ALIENS.

Columbia, Columbia, they came across the sea
To till your golden prairies and to dwell in amity.
They planted friendly orchards; and from East to
fertile West

Their little ones in gladness knew the shielding of
your breast.

*Columbia, Columbia, another brood is here,
Who snatch your love and treasure, and requite
you with a sneer,
Like snakes they glide in darkness, foul as ghouls
that haunt the dead—
And yield no glad allegiance, save to bloody
flags of red.*

Awake, arise, Columbia! Their dream is all too
long—
Call forth your sons of alien race, their arms are
leal and strong.
Fling out the starry flag again, as in our battle day.
While sons who once were aliens sweep the pois-
oned hords away!

Luella Stewart.

New York (N. Y.) Evening Sun.

A LITTLE WHILE.

Hope on, and bid thy soul look up and wait a little
while,
Thy share of joy He holds for thee, though now
the world looks dark.
He guides thy bark to seas where thou shalt find
thy happy isle.
The darkest hour comes just before the dawn—
then sings the lark!

Boston (Mass.) Record. Marie Tello Phillips.

THE GARDEN OF THE HEART.

When the springtime is advancing
 With its warm and glowing showers,
When you're planting in your garden
 Of the various kinds of flowers—
You are careful, oh, so careful,
 That the seed will surely start,
Just take an extra moment
 For the garden of the heart.

Heart-gardens are oft-times barren
 Of the sunshine, warmth and cheer;
Just moisten up the calloused places
 With a sympathetic tear,
'Twill start the germ of love to growing,
 Smother out the hurts that smart,
If you plant a little flower
 In the garden of the heart.

South Bend (Ind.) Tribune. Matt. O. Long.

DESTINY.

Each day unwinds the roll of fate,
 New pictures shown, by artist time
Who frames them later to relate
 Our life in full—a tale sublime.

When symbols print through souls of thought
 And varied colors blend as one,
Recalling sunny hours forgot,
 Through years of toil and duties dark.

As fate unwinds life's web, we weave
 The hit and miss together—show
Effects—whose consequences grieve
 To pains that balance all we owe.

An Angel travels with each one—
 Accounts to keep its time to wait—

All claims when earth's demands are done
Unfurlment at the golden gate.

Eager to find our longings met
By charity the queen of love,
Where mysteries our tears have wet,
On earth to bloom our joys above.

Buffalo Express

Mary J. Scott.

SPRING FEVER.

When a feller feels a longing
For the medder in his breast.
When the robins north are thronging,
Where they haste to build their nest.
When the frogs peep in the puddle
Where I love to hear them sing,
Then my brain is in a muddle,
For I know it's really spring.

When the double windows smother
Us until we want more air;
When a protest comes and mother
Can't endure them longer there;
When we ope the cellar shutters,
Kitchen doors are on the swing,
Clean the cisterns, fix the gutters—
Then I know its truly spring.

When the wild ducks and geese are going
Northward, "dragging" as they fly;
When the streams are overflowing,
And a rainbow gilds the sky;
When the plowman turns the stubble
Where the bluebirds sweetly sing,
When comes carpet-beating trouble,
Then I'm confident it's spring.

When the jack-torch men are spearing
Silver suckers in the brook,
And the angleworms appearing,
Seem quite anxious for my hook;
When the mellow sunlights beckon
Till the mill wheel starts to sing,
Then's the time the fish, I reckon,
'Spect to see me—Come! It's spring!

Chicago Post.

Charles A. Heath.

A MEAN MAN.

I've quit going to Sunday School,
Turned my back on the Golden Rule,
Resolved to be old Satan's tool,
And serve him day by day.
Going to be like Captain Kidd,
And wear a black plume on my lid,
And make the things old Nero did,
Look like mere baby play.
No villain on the stage line routes,
Who swears more quickly than he shoots,
And whets his dirk-knife on his boots,
And drinks his "likker" straight.
Can hold a candle to the crimes,
That I'll commit so many times—
I'll rob old blind men of their dimes,
Outside the poor farm gate.
I'll hurry round from door to door,
To steal milk bottles by the score,
And when the babies cry for more,
I'll chuckle, let 'em yell.
My dirty deeds will so increase,
I'll soon be handed my release,
And then I'll slide as slick as grease,
Right quickly down to hell.
And when I'm there, I'm going to git
A job around the hottest pit—
For I know well who'll be in it,
And I'll keep up the heat.

The auto fiend—gol dern his hide—
The imp who's never satisfied,
Unless he makes you hop and slide,
 Whene're you cross the street.

Los Angeles (Cal.) Record. —E. L. Aultman.

TO THE DOOTER.

There's nane sa blin' as willna see,
There's nane sa deaf as willna hear,
There's nane sa dure as willna ken
That God's right in the heart of yen.

Ye ask for proof? Why, mon alive,
It's written in the verra skies,
It's written in each leaf and flower—
There's muckle proof each day and hour.

It's written largest in yer heart,
And when ye find it there,
Ye'll know that its proof enough,
And ye'll not ask for mair.

Ye hold the vexin doots so near,
Ye canna se the licht;
And a' the wealth in soul ye miss
That might be yers the verra nicht.

Sa gang and search yer heart, dear lad,
Ye'll surely find it there,
And if ye dinna ken the wa—
Just close yer een in prayer.

Oh, would ye noo coom hame the nicht,
When a' the darkness gathers?
Thy Father's house is a' alicht—
The moor sae dark and lowery.

He's waited lang and lang for thee,
I've heard Him callin', callin',
And so I've come to find thee, lad,
And fotch thee quickly to Him.

Buffalo (N. Y.) Commercial.

Alice Baker.

MUSTERED OUT.

You cheered when he marched, that sunburned
guy,
With his square-set jaw and his steady eye;
But how many dinners with cheers are bought?
Give him a thought.

You waved your flag high, for the boy come back,
As he marched with rifle, tin hat and pack;
But now he's in civvies. You understand.
Give him a hand!

You thrilled as he passed, that boy who won,
Who kept us free, who had downed the Hun;
So now—be he doughboy, Marine or gob—
Give him a job!

New York Evening Sun.

Luella Stewart.

LILACS.

A wealth of lilacs have I here,
Their mystic whispers stir my ear.
Their lovely fragrance fills my heart,
As memories their blooms impart.

When I was but a little child,
A lilac bush, untrimmed and wild,
Delighted me with joy untold,
Where shone the sun of purest gold,
I pulled the clustered lilac spray

And breathed their fragrance of the day.
One morning time a lilac hue
Slipped softly o'er the sea of blue.
It seemed that souls of lilacs gone
Had stolen back to rule the dawn.

Fair lilacs of my thousand dreams,
My heart amid you thrills and teems
With thoughts and hopes of life to be
That seeks to win the soul of me.

Helen E. Maring

Seattle (Wash.) Post-Intelligencer.

CHARLES DICKENS.

I.

O to have known him, looked into his eyes,
The music of his laughter to have heard!
How we would treasure as some dear won prize
Were ours the memory of his spoken word!
Alas, for us such wish is futile, vain—
Yet does he truly live for us today
In all those well loved children of his brain
That still companion us upon life's way,
So human, vital, how their presence e'er
Breathes of the nature that did them conceive—
To charm, delight us, move to smile and tear,
And round us spells of subtlest magic weave.
Aye, he shall ever live, so great his art,
Though all these children of his brain and heart!

II.

They gather round us by the fireside—
Sweet Nell, and Paul, poor Pip and Tiny Tim;
We meet them on life's journeys far and wide—
Micawber, Pickwick, Betsey Trotwood grim,

His best loved child, dear David Copperfield;
And Oliver and Smike beset with fears—
How to their swift appeal our spirits yield,
How do they move to laughter or to tears!
“Caricatures,” you call them? Nay not so—
Mankind as seen through comprehending eyes—
“Types,” maybe, that we all of us do know,
And knowing them can we not sympathize
(As did the tender heart within his breast)
More keenly with the suffering and oppressed?

III.

He loved the masses; with their weal and woe
His deep-felt sympathy was swift and sure;
To sham and falseness a relentless foe,
He only scourged that he might help to cure.
His humor, genial as the noonday sun,
Quickens our pulses like some cordial fine.
“The common people”—thus ’twas said of One—
Our Master—“heard him gladly.” By this sign,
And that he first loved us, how sure the sway
Over our hearts our Dickens holds—his name
The magic “open sesame” today
Of dear delights enduring as his fame;
And for that greatest gift, broad as the sea,
We love him most—his great humanity.

Louella C. Poole.

Boston, (Mass.) Evening Transcript.

SHAKE, OLD TIMER! SHAKE!

Glad to see you back, Old Timer! Shake! Shake!
Glad! Glad!
That “glad’s” a happy, handy sort of word but
kinda light weight
For expressin’ the feelin’s we’re tryin’ to relate
With shoutin’, hurrah and banner and band and
bell—

Feelin's too deep to rightly tell
With just common, everyday words!
But if we ain't sayin' any too much
There's signs you can read as plain as print—
Things that speak out louder than preachin'!
A friendly fist whackin' your shoulder—the touch
Of an arm 'round your breast—
Something like dew-drops dimmin' the eyes,
Hearty hands out-reachin'
To squeeze yours till the knuckle bones crack,
While we're chokin' things down and tryin' to
jest—
Oh, I guess thinks like that, Old Timer, put you
wise
How glad we are to see you back!
Shake! Old Timer, Shake!

Buffalo, (N. Y.) Enquirer. Joe Roscoe Conklin.

YESTERDAY AND TOMORROW.

Oh, where, my heart, is the peace you knew
When winds were fair and skies were blue?
You then were young, and your throb was light,
And the future of love and vision was bright.

Red horror descended and men went mad
Fair fields with millions of slain were clad,
The beauty of centuries all in a breath
Went hurtling away on the pinions of death.

Be strong, my heart! 'tis a world of change,
And struggles of Man have long wide range!
Though the darkness fell, sun again shall rise
And courage re-glisten in human eyes.

Unity (Chicago, Ill.) James Harcourt West.

THE MAPLE.

I made a little poem once, about the maple tree,
The vine maple, we call her; she's very good to see,
Because she flaunts her colors early, and her cloth-
ing is so gay;
She "coquettes" through all the woodland, in a fas-
cinating way.

She wears a dress of brightest green, when other
trees are dark,
She puts on spring leaves early, and she draws the
singing lark;
She's lightly clad in summer, but with first hint of
fall
She dons her yellows and her reds; she sets the
styles for all.

A printer took my poem, and at first I read with
pain,
That he had made a slight mistake and printed my
vine vain;
But as I read it over, my wrath was quickly spent,
For a coquette she really is, and "vain" was what
I meant.

When you see her in the forest, you'll agree with
me;
She's the flirt of all the woodland, the vain vine
maple tree!

The Oregonian (Portland, Ore.)

Frances Gill.

COMMEMORATION POEM.

Brown University, 1919.

How shall we praise,
In this white temple of their boyish days,
Our dead who flung away the sun and moon,
The shimmering stars, the sapphire afternoon,
Laughter and love, and left these friendly ways
Forever and too soon?

How shall we sing
The tragic measures of their suffering,
The daring on their desperate duty bent,
Our brothers of the fiery battlement?
Let the June winds blow and the tall trees ring
For the broken and spent.

At their ease they lie,
Tempest and tumult pass unheeded by.
Their sight is shut, their hearing stopt, to pain,
Familiar Joy beckons them back in vain.
Their still hearts leap to Affection's eager cry
Never again.

In trench and camp,
Beneath the morning view and midnight damp
They gave themselves to set the future free;
And in their death that deathless death we see
That lights the centuries, like an undimmed lamp,
From Calvary.

Their spirits now,
Like ships, perchance, the ethereal ocean plow,
But when the eternal wilderness o'erwhelms,
And vastness vexes them, they turn their helms,
To moor at dusk each far-adventuring prow
Under the elms.

Under the elms, recalling them, may we
Fashion our wills for the high tasks to be,
Furnish our courage from their flaming eyes,
And frame our souls to readier sacrifice.

So shall their towering triumph be secure,
Their faith in us, like ours in them, make sure,
And what they won, through sun and storm endure.

The blood-red war that shook the world is done,
But war as red and ruinous is begun.
The foe holds Russia in his poisonous grasp,
His trunk the python and his head the asp,
A creature of the darkness and the mist,
Whose slimy progress through the earth is hissed,
The cruel, crude, implacable Bolshevik.

His sullen eye is on our sovereign State;
His mind is envy and his heart is hate.
The schoolhouse feels his hot, insidious breath;
The factory knows his atmosphere of death,
And round about him in his mud and murk
The maudlin plotters of the parlors lurk—
The dangerous coward and dastard shirk.

To save the world at Vaux and St. Mihiel
Our valorous lads climbed up the steeps of hell.
And shall we not, to save ourselves, arise
With the same glow of purpose in our eyes?
O let us not stand recreant and dumb;
The Great Past calls us like a rolling drum;
And hark! the bugles of the years to come.

For you, O baccalaureate sons of Brown,
And you, O sisters of the sable gown,
With eyes alight from June's perennial fire
And summer brows that shame your black attire,
The Nation waits, outside this place of prayer,
And just beyond its curious winding stair
Calls to the care-free: "Lift my load of care!"

Shall we be sluggards in this spacious hour?
Shall the pulse slacken and the senses cower?
Shall our small sympathies run thick and slow?
No! let us shout our clamorous chorus, No!
Take us at need, America, for still
Faith, hope and love are stablished on Our Hill;
Use us, O Fairest Country, as you will.

Providence (R. I.) Journal.

Henry R. Palmer.

ODE—ON A SPRING POET.

A poet lives in the room above;
He writes of spring, and he writes of love!
His heart is light and his thoughts run free,
And he writes of joy on land and sea;
His thoughts run free and his heart is light,
And his joy is an ever-gushing vein,
So he labors far into the night,
All day, and into the night again,
For souls that bleed and hearts that ache,
For weary hearts and souls in pain,
But all I hear, as I lie awake,

Is the blooming whirr,
The blithering stir,
The bing-bang-bur-r-r
Of his typewriter!

I hold no brief against fair spring
And by ten trillion stars above
I am no recreant in love!
Nor any pleasures she may bring;
Yes, I am glad with all my heart
That spring and love make poets rave,—
Still, there's a time to stop and start,
A place to frolic and behave,
And right or wrong, or wrong or right.
There'll be a poet in his grave
Before I'll stand, another night,

The rap, rap, rap,
The demon tap,
The thunder-clap
Of his rattletrap!

Atlanta, (Ga.) Journal.

Boyron de Barras.

YOU OTHERS.

I sometimes wish I were like you—
You girls who never think.

You dance through life,
You sing and laugh;
And, then, too,
You dress so prettily,
And gossip
And giggle.

And you powder your pert noses.
The calamities of Poverty,
Ignorance and Superstition;
The problems of Love and Marriage,
Of duty, compensation and psychology,
Never worry you.

And yet, somehow, I say:
You poor, poor things!

The (N. Y.) Call.

Jean N

THE WAY BACK.

You asked me to follow the road with you,
The Love-road blithe and fair,
And we treaded a path of roses
Strewing them everywhere.

Now the road is narrow and winding,
Beset with many a stone,
And my feet have grown weary a-walking
All the way back—alone.

Floyd Meredith.

Philadelphia (Pa.) Evening Bulletin.

FATHER'S FLOWER.

The Western winds are blowing soft
Around my father's grave,

The sunbeams dance quite merrily,
Where holly blossoms wave.

For father loved the hollyhocks,
No other flower so dear;
Our garden grew an army
Of the stately stalks each year.

I seem to see the "sailor" form,
Of father, slim and straight,
Along the path from barn to house,
Where at the door I wait.

Again I see the wondrous smile,
And hear the charming voice,
And almost can I feel the hand,
That holds a flower so choice.

Oh, blossoms of the hollyhock,
You may not have much worth,
But father's flower is dearest
Of any on God's earth.

And though it is a fancy,
I love to think he knows,
That all around as while he lived,
The hollyhock still grows.

I will not sit in sorrow,
Or wear a woeful face,
But rather with the hollyhocks
His memory I'll grace.

So I shall stand beside his flowers,
And whisper of my love,
With the hope that he beholds me,
From the doorway up above.

Philadelphia (Pa.) Press. Anna Graves Henry.

A BLITHESOME BALLAD OF THE HONORABLY DISCHARGED.

Back to dear old blighty, as the well known
British say;
Back to home and horse rent and to living on your
pay;
Back to start all over where we left off some time
since
And sailed away gently to slay the Kaiser and the
Quince.
Back to chase a cripple or a Jane from off our job;
(Back to read such piffle as "The Doughboy and the
Gob");
Hoping we may catch up with the gang in twenty
years—
But, anyway, we're glad we've sloughed a pair of
mortal fears.

All we can die of is cancer,
Consumption, and kidney disease,
Pneumonia, the flu—there's a ban, sir,
On the blow and the cough and the sneeze.
Measles and mumps, they are sad, sir,
But us doughboys are sure overjoyed,
For we're safe from the smallpox, begad, sir,
And we never can have the typhoid.

Back to prohobition and to politics and pants;
Back to more or less unmixed regrets for dear old
France;
Back to L's and subways and to Broadway's No
Man's Land,
That midnight trail where every frail is tinted up
by hand;
Back to brutal bosses and to unions and to strikes;
Back to greasy Bolsheviks, pro-Germans, and the
Likes;
What we've got to show for it is pinned upon our
vests—
And they jabbed us in the biceps, so we're safe
from two old pests."

All we can die of is gunshot,
Surgery, powders and pills.
Those of us coming home unshot
Fear but a few human ills.
Paralysis, asthma, hayfever.
But nix on the varioloid;
They can hang us like Old Danny Deever,
But they can't kill us off with typhoid.

New York (N. Y.) Tribune. Charlton Andrews.

FINIS.

Let this grand old earth resound with mirth,
For the sword is laid aside:
Strife is done, our victory's won,
Let joy and peace abide;
For God has blessed our efforts
And our eagle's wings are furled
O'er the freedom of all mankind
And a liberated world.

Now the waves of the sea roll proud and free
Far o'er the bounding main,
The ships that bear our heroes dear
Come sailing home again;
And back once more from a distant shore,
Thrice welcome will they be.
For hard they've toiled to make the world
Safe for democracy.

And though there's some who're left behind,
Their cross and crown are won;
We'll bow our heads to Heaven's decree
And say "Thy will be done";
For o'er the paths of toil and pain,
Their willing feet have trod,
They've climbed the height, they're "over the
top,"
And safe in the arms of God.

Mobile (Ala.) Register. Agnes Weeks Chambers.

THE NURSE WHO STAYED AT HOME.

We have hailed with adoration our nurses overseas,
And their worthy deeds of valor justly brought us
to our knees;
But there's still another idol—and we haven't far
to roam—
'Tis the girl who nursed the old folks and the babies
here at home.

Her's the task to heal the aged or the children left
behind;
Her's the lot to render comfort unto those of feeble
mind;
Her's to serve in ward and household in this land
from sea to sea,
While her sister nurses served the cause in winning
victory.

And she had no thrill of battle to excite her to her
task;
And she had no dream of glory—ah! what honors
could she ask?
It was naught but simple goodness—love of home,
of life and art
That has kept her at the bedsides in her vigils with
her chart.

Oh, the never ending story of our womanhood in
war!
The imperishable glory that is heralded afar!
Here's a health to her that ventured far beyond the
the ocean foam,
And a double health forever to the nurse who stayed
at home.

New York (N. Y.) Herald. Ramsen Crawford.

DEEP IN THE HEART.

Deep in the heart O such a sweetness lies,
There is no room for anything of care,
Of bitterness or sorrow or despair,

In just this little bit of paradise,
What dear remembrances are our to prize,
To cherish ever and to hold most fair,
The little things of life we give and share!
Deep in the heart are endless melodies.

Deep in the heart are joy and peace and rest
So rich and sweet no tongue can ever tell
The precious whole or speak it utterly,
With faith to bring us to the harbor blest
Of hopes and dreams and say that all is well
But love, Love only holds the golden key.

Detroit Free Press.

Myrtella Southerland.

DON'T WAIT TILL MOTHER IS GONE.

Does God still spare you a mother?
Does her loved form still fill the old chair,
In the dear old home of your childhood
Where she watched you with tenderest care?

If today all alone she is dwelling,
In the home where her loved ones were born,
Write her the long-delayed letter;
Don't wait till your last chance is gone.

For Time her mother's brow is marking,
Her step daily grows more slow;
Her hair once so dark and heavy,
Is thin now and white as the snow.

So while she lives don't neglect her;
Let your love be changeless and warm,
For soon her chair will be vacant;
All too soon, will mother be gone.

It may be that you are still with her,
If so, make her last years her best,
Every morn with loving kiss greet her!
Oh, study her comfort and rest.

Then when from the old home in sorrow
Her still form is tenderly borne,
These memories will linger to bless you,
Long after your mother is gone.

Oh! The love of a true, noble mother!
It is strange we never half prize,
Or realize her life-long devotion,
Till the grave hides her face from our eyes.

Then, while your mother is with you,
With kind words cheer night and morn.
Don't wait till her fond heart stops throbbing
Don't wait until mother is gone.

C. E. Randall.

Christian Home (Council Bluffs, Iowa.)

THE TEMPLE OF THE HOLY GHOST.

Let pilgrims by the Tiber's tide,
Adore St. Peter's splendid spire;
Let those by Neva's frozen blood
The Kremlin's dazzling dome admire;
Let Paris vaunt her Notre Dame;
Milam her proud Cathedral boast;
I know a structure more sublime—
The Temple of the Holy Ghost!

God was the Architect; the plan
Was one the Builder only knew;
Nor prince nor priest nor any man
Beheld the structure as it grew!
But angels looking from above,
A bright and starry visioned host,
Perceived the Masterpiece of Love—
The Temple of the Holy Ghost!

He might have chosen Parian stone,
And with a fiery chisel wrought;
In granite gray He might have shaped
The sacred image of His thought.
Instead He toiled each day afresh,
Permitting nothing to be lost,
And fashioned out of living flesh,
The Temple of the Holy Ghost!

What miracle is like to this,
Since mortals on the Earth have trod?
What other sign so demonstrates
Our near relationship to God?
On Babel's hills; in Egypt's sands:
Where India's seven rivers braid—
What tabernacle built with hands
Can equal that which God has made?

It was the crowning work of Him
Who made this Earth, the Stars, the Sun;
The Cherubim and Seraphim
Rejoice to know that it was done!
And still the marvel grown not less,
Through all the ages that are lost!
What tongue thy wonder shall express?
O, Temple of the Holy Ghost!

The Silver Clarion.

Arthur Goodenough.

THE END OF THE YEAR.

The year is at an end—is with the dead
Of Centuries—with all its thorns and bloom,
Its moods of splendor and of weary gloom,
Its joy and laughter and the tears it shed.
And grieve I that it has forever fled?
I hardly know. For while my thoughts resume
Oft sentiments from it that soulfully illumine,
They sometimes, too, jar wounds that sorely bled.

Still joy or pain, what progress have I made
Through all—material gain left out of view?
Have I grown broader, found accord more true
In violent clash and trouble on me laid?
God knows! ! I feel but that with calmer gaze
I look at Fortune's strange mysterious way.

Minneapolis (Minn) Tribune.

Peter Fandel.

MUST OUR FLAG TAKE SECOND PLACE?

What fault do you find in Old Glory;
Is she not of the real true brand.
That you come to us now with a story
Of another more glorious and grand?

For you does its stars shine more brightly,
Is it dressed in colors more true,
That you now desire to place it
Above the Red, White, and Blue?

Ah! Think of her stripes broad and true;
Of her stars, as together they sing
Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue!
Floating under the one you would bring.

Never lower that Glorious Old Banner,
That Flag that was tried in the fire;
The only true emblem of freedom,
But help us to raise it still higher.

Our prairies are broad and they's windy;
Our people are loyal and true;
There is plenty of breeze for Old Glory,
But there isn't enough here for two.

National Republican.

R. T. Bond

AN AUTOMOBILE SONG.

Along this life's wonderful highway,
From childhood to shadowy years,
I've pleasures found, varied and many,
Untouched by the presence of tears.
Outside of the joy of religion,
Which points to the heavenly goal,
The ride in the auto is, truly,
The paramount bliss of my soul.

Tho' the tide of sensation,
Exciting, delightful and free,
Desire I could not aviation,
A mariner never could be.
The secular character noting
In which the world's pleasure abound,
The ride in the auto is, truly,
The greatest I ever have found.

Both night and day equal the pleasure,
'Neath glories celestial aglow,
Afar over mountains, through valleys,
We merrily, merrily go.
Don't ask me to tell you in rythm—
I only can say full of glee,
Among worldly joys auto riding
By far is the greatest to me.

Tho' earth is a vast field of pleasures,
In which I have found not a few,
All others to me for enjoyment
Subordinate are, it is true.
No words can express my emotion,
Heart's rapture, indeed, is untold,
Which leads me to hope with the angels
To ride in an auto of gold.

Franklin S. Noatman.
Erie County (N. Y.) Independent.

“SUPPLICATION.”

Peace—gentle dove
Fluttering o’er us—for many a day
We pray thee—rest thy weary feet
Abide with us—and never, never go away.

Peace—gentle dove,
Flutter o’er us—no longer—but stay,
Rest thy wear feet,
Abide with us—and never go away.

Peace—gentle dove,
Fold thy white wings at last,
Thou emblem of purity—refuge divine,
For saint and sinner in all the past.

Peace—gentle dove,
Flutter o’er us—no longer—but stay,
Enfold—o’ershadow us with thy almighty wing,
And never, never, go thy way.

Peace—gentle dove,
Thou fair harbinger of love,
We pray the dark raven of strife,
Be banished forever—from our national life.

Detroit (Mich.) Press.

Anna H. Osborne.

THE HUMMINGBIRD

When langourous noons entreat the summer sky,
And restive spirits vex the ways of men
In vain emprise; within my garden then
Will I elect to let the world go by,
And watch the hummingbird. Not seen to fly,
He comes and vanishes and comes again
And sips the sweets of honeysuckles when
Their lips are frail—but leaves them not to die.
So I have thought how good it were to be
This ruthless corsair, bent on such pursuit,

Against the wear of my foreplanning hours:—
How good it were to live thus liegelessly
 Upon the world's unreckoned blossom-lute—
 Yet spare from any harm its guarded flowers!

Our Dumb Animals.

Ivan Swift.

CLOUDY—WITH SHOWERS.

I wonder where the sun is gone
 And why it doesn't shine;
I wonder when again a dawn
 Will cheer this heart of mine.

For trouble great there is, I fear,
 Up somewhere in the sky;
Some battle in the atmosphere
 That light does us deny.

The sky is dark—so grim and gray
 And lowering overhead,
I cannot tell the night from day
 Nor when it's time for bed.

Where suns, they say, are ever bright,
 With azure skies and clear,
Men oft forget to give aright
 The thanks that heaven should hear.

And weather probabilities,
 With darkening fog and rain,
Are that some blessing hidden is
 Which we should try to gain.

So now I think my lowering day,
 With mist and foggy sky,
Is just a time for one to say
 A prayer and wait reply.

Chicago, (Ill.) Post.

Charles A. Heath.

HOPE AND PRAY.

Hope, little girl, and pray!
Your heart is breaking, you say,
As you dry your eyes, and smother the sighs
And watch him march away.

Hope, that the clouds will pass,
And give place to the sun's golden ray,
Pray that the dawn of a peaceful morn
Will end the strife—for aye.

Trust in the future to come
And hope, when he crosses the sea,
The struggle be short, and a battle soon fought,
Will bring us—victory.

Pray that the Angel of Peace
Will roll back the stone of hate
That love and good will may to life again thrill
And enter, once more, our gate.

Then, when the conflict is over,
We'll ask, in His holy name
That he'll save and bless, the ones we love best
And forgive, who were to blame.

Mobile (Ala.) Register. Agnes Weeks Chambers.

AT NIGHT.

Far down below the shop lights glow,
The street is black and wet;
The myriad lights prick out the black,
Like diamonds and jet.

Far down below I see men go;
Two pass, and, strangely met,
One soul is light and one is dark,
Like diamonds and jet.

Buffalo, (N. Y.) Express.

Alice Baker.

THEY COME!

The tramp of the feet we have hungered to hear!
The faces our memories pictured with fear!
The splendid young bodies we loved! Here they
 come,
Secure in their welcome, our boys marching home!
Aye, cheer them and greet them and give them the
 most
The home town can offer or citizens boast.
But what are our flags and our pennants to this—
The sob-stifled welcome of Mother's first kiss?

Show we're proud of a record so clean,
Proud of each wound stripe and what it shall mean;
Then reverence their soul-weary hunger for kin
As home doors and home arms shall gather them in!
Let ours be the proving, as time turns the wheel,
No maudlin sentiment this that we feel
But the grip of the hand means the grip of the heart
For each mustered out lad as he makes his fresh
 start!

Anna Hamilton Wood.

Harrisburg, (Pa.) Telegraph.

REMINISCENCE.

The little footpath out of town
Beside the roadway dusty brown,
I love to tread the summer through
And dream my happy dreams of you;
The winding road dips down the hill
And there the little laughing rill
That crosses near the railroad track,
Says "How I've longed to see you back!"

The dazzling ties I follow them
Until I come upon the glen,
I love so well where wild flowers grow,
And languidly the south winds blow;

The dogwood tree, it holds for me
A wealth of starry brilliancy,
The violets with smiling eyes
Are making verses to the skies.

The thrilliums are all around,
Hepaticas peep from the ground,
The wild phlox nods and lays its sweet,
A tribute fair, just at my feet;
The river's always singing, too,
The sunshine tries to glitter through
You leafy roof, the bobwhites call,
And love seems running through it all.

The snowflakes, softly falling down,
That little footpath out of town
Have hidden now, yet through the day
I often fare that fragrant way;
The north wind I have found a friend,
Swift wings to me seems to lend.
Ah, Fancy there, enchanted, sings,
No matter what the season brings!

Myrtella Southerland.
Springfield, (Mass.) Republican.

GONE.

You came again, to get your things,
And stood within my door,
The silken gowns, the shadow robes, the rings
You seldom wore.

Ah, love, could you have known
The words I longed to say,
I think you would have pitied me
And kissed my lips that day.

Floyd Meredith.
Philadelphia, (Pa.) Evening Leader.

HYMN TO AMERICA.

In all the tongues of human kind
One song its bards love most to sing,
One thought awakes the pilgrim's mind
When weary of his wanderings;
In every nation, every age,
Wherever man is born to toil,
Come forth the simple and the sage
With tribute of their native soil;
The strain, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee,"
Arouses all humanity.

When one there is whose truant feet
Have followed far the trails of men,
How thrills his heart with joy to greet
The welcome sight of home again!
How sweet the scene then far away
The distant haven springs to view
Where Freedom's figure crowns the bay
And holds her torch against the blue!
A smiling country, blest of God,
And every foot is sacred sod.

For yonder field of waving grass
Is sanctified by 'heros' blood,
And yonder mountain hides a pass
Where modern Greeks as nobly stood,
And yonder highway, 'tis a shrine -
Perchance where brothers fought and died,
Or ragged farmers flung their line
To tame a foreign master's pride,
And that 'rude bridge', all battle-spent,
Is their immortal monument.

O, Thou, who readest from the skies
The record writ on glory's page,
In our brief moment make us wise
To keep this kingly heritage,
That we undimmed may pass along
The torch our fathers kindled bright

To lead a people proud and strong
Forever in the path of right!
And may our country ever be
The blessed home of liberty.

George Steele Seymour.

Utica, (. Y.) Daily Press.

OLD GLORY.

O flag of Freedom, Peace and Love!
With blue from bending skies above;
Thy stripes of red and white reveal
Courage and purity, and seal
For years gone by, and years to be
The glory of true liberty.

O Flag! that bringeth hope to all
Who hear the tyrant's cruel call;
Thy folds of living light inspire
Our Heroes with God-given fire,
To meet the dangers that arise,
With courage strong that never dies.

William Kimberley Palmer.

Springfield, (Mass.) Union.

TO A HIBISCUS BLOSSOM.

Rare flower! girlish in blues, sentient, fine,
Hiding a subtler charm within,
Of beauty which its prize shall win
In God's art gallery of beauteous flowers,
Rising midst tropic sunlit showers;
Abundant, varied, with a face as fair
As it is bright and common everywhere!

No noisy speech yet with a living tongue
That speaks to every soul
As part to portion of the Whole.
Imparting visions of a happier day,
O'er sad fields of ash and grey,
When flowers shall bud again and bloom
Among the scenes of death and gloom!

Peace is the Message—dear, sweet, absent Peace
Love, and the gentle hands of friends;
Forgiving hearts, and dumb amends;
After the battle and the cry of pain—
The awful struggle seemingly in vain,
After the long, sad fight is done,
And the World's victory's won!

How restful just to look upon and see!
A floral peacemaker whose voice
Utters no sound of selfish choice,
But speaks prophetic to the open ear—
Of him who has a willing soul to hear—
A wordless sermon and a psalm—
Christly, persuasive, soothing, calm!

E. S. Goodhue.

Paradise of Pacific (Honolulu) Print.

WHEN THE MISTS ARE ROLLED AWAY.

In my room alone I'm sitting,
Thinking, while the teardrops flow,
Of companions flown forever
From the shores of long ago.
Where are they, the friends of childhood,
Who, in youth's unclouded glee,
Roam'd the verdant wood and meadow,
Plucking flow'rs along the lea?
They are gone, but I shall meet them
Re-unite in bliss for aye,
In the dazzling blaze of Heaven,
When the mists are roll'd away.

Oh, I long to see the mother,
Who is reigning with the blest,
And a lovely, fair-haired sister,
Who in Christ has gone to rest;
Oh, I hope to meet a father,
When the purer world I gain,
Clasp in love a long-lost brother,
In a sphere unknown to pain.
They are gone, but I shall meet them
In a blaze of endless day,
On the crystal shores of Heaven,
When the mists are roll'd away.

I am sighing, I am sighing,
As the moments swiftly roll,
For a meek-ey'd, gentle maiden
Precious idol of my soul.
Oh, I lov'd her, truly lov'd her,
And of paths I'm thinking now,
Where the moonbeams as we wander'd
Fell in beauty on her brow.
Tho' unguarded words were spoken—
I, with fears, recall the day,
She'll forgive, I know, and love me,
When the mists are roll'd away.

Soon I'll sleep beneath the daisies,
In the churchyard's silent mold,
And my heart will cease its throbbing,
Lie inanimate and cold.
But the spirit is immortal—
To its Maker must ascend,
And to die is the beginning
Of a life that knows no end.
I'll exchange the night of sorrow
For the pure and perfect day,
And with lov'd ones reign forever
When the mists are roll'd away.

Franklin S. Noatman.
Erie County, (N. Y.) Independent.

THE RATS.

Not theirs was the toil of sowing
Gold grain in the pale Spring sun;
Not theirs was the sultry reaping—
Shall theirs be the harvest won?

*They gnaw in the stealthy darkness,
With furtive red eyes aglare—
They foul all the earth-gods' treasure—
Oh, land that we love, take care!*

A house to endure forever,
White-shining beside the sea,
A hearth for the weary-hearted,
We builded to Liberty.

*But hark—they are gnawing, gnawing,
With poisonous fangs that sneer!
Oh, land that we love, be watchful
Strike! Strike! for the rats are here!*

New York Times.

Luella Stewart.

IN MISSOURI.

The sunshine is the brightest—in Missouri;
Life's burdens are the lightest—in Missouri;
The summer skies are bluest,
Disappointments are the fewest,
And the friendships are the truest,
In Missouri.

The cornstalks grow the tallest—in Missouri;
Crop troubles are the smallest—in Missouri;
The landscapes are the fairest,
While the products are the rarest,
And the people are the squarest—
In Missouri.

The span of life is longest—in Missouri;
The love of right is strongest—in Missouri;
The minds of men are keenest,
Where the grass is always greenest,
And the living is serenest—
In Missouri.

The larks can sing the sweetest—in Missouri;
Contentment is completest—in Missouri;
The damsels are the dearest,
And their smiles are the sincerest,
So that Heaven seems the nearest—
In Missouri.

The Fidelity Spirit.

LeRoy Huron Kelsey.

THE MINSTREL.

He takes to the open road and sings
Old ballads, light and gay,
Till crowds of tiny sleeping things
Awake to see the day.

He wanders thru the listening wood
And blows upon a reed
That rouses all the neighborhood
Of bud and sprouting seed.

He lingers by a leaden stream
To thrill a breezy air;
And swiftly breaks the midnight dream
Of rivers everywhere.

Louder and louder; sounding near,
The wandering Minstrel's song—
O, aye! it must be Spring is here
We've waited for so long.

Chicago Evening Post.

Elizabeth Crichton.

LINES TO JOAN.

Into those eyes agleam with love and laughter,
Those eyes as bright and clear as morning dew;
There leaped a light brimful of joyous pleasure,
When first I gazed into their depths gray-blue!

Dear lass, so fair, so slender, sweet and wholesome,
With features hued much like the lily white;
With lips, soft, warm and red as any rose bud,
And silken tresses dark as stygian night!

Treasured, are those moments spent together,
When laughter clear, soon swept away each gloom
Each thrilling note that leapt to meet the zephyr,
Within the joys of memory now bloom!

Ah, Joan, Dear, how often in my fancy,
Have I gazed into eyes as bright as thine;
And smothered with a score of tender kisses,
As pretty lips, when they were pressed to mine!

Ralph Reid Rice.
North Tonowanda, (N. Y.) News.

A SOLDIER'S INQUIRY.

I ain't much worried 'bout them Boches.
An' worry less about them Turks,
An' the Austrians ain't a' doin' much,
A' judgin' by their works.

I 'low from readin' papers,
Seein' what them rulers say,
That the're gettin' tired o' fighting,
An' we'll all have peace some day.

An' I ain't a feeling sorry,
'Cause I've lost a blame good pal,

An' my heart ain't had no crackin'
Jus' because o' some durn gal.

An' the ol' high cost o' livin'
Never troubles me no more,
An' I ain't begun t' worry
'Bout some job at th' close o' war.

But there in one pesky question
That is always puzzlin' me,
An' they ain't no use in cryin',
I kain't make it leave me be.

An' th' doggone cause o' trouble
That is bringin' all this wail
Don't take very long in statin';
Where in hell is all our mail?

Soverign Visitor.

Otto Boerner.

WOULD I KNOW THEE.

Would I know thee?
Yes; in darkest night under starless sky,
Without one word or touch of hand,
When thou art **nigh**.
A power overcomes, outside the crude or common
mind,
Thoughts breath between making me whole in heart
and find
Their golden chord that sweetens time with love at
sight
Of thee, Dear kingdom is my real of pure delight,
On foreign shores in pathless wood where Hermits
live,
All unexpected should we meet my heart would
give.

Wild leaps for joy, each empty cell
So quickly full the tale would tell;

Vibrating sense of joy make known
Love's errand—Love to love alone.
Soul mates are magnets waiting love when two do
 find
Their other half—unknown till near—and blind do
 meet,
To all but love which grows the chord to strongly
 bind
To all but love which grows the chord to greet.

One lesser be, the greater gives and measures not
Its debt of pain, or labor lost love, burning love,
Its happiness the soul in bloom performing thought
To music write—and angels sing in choirs above.

Buffalo, (N. Y.) Express.

Mary J. Scott.

A PAL LIKE YOU.

When the troubles and cares of a world at war
 Infested the passing days,
I dreamed of the years we lived before,
 In a sort of a mental haze;
I thought of the time we'd spent as chums,
 When life's gray clouds were few,
And felt I heard the distant drums
 That called a pal like you.

I sit at the table we used to share
 At the little old cafe,
And make belief you're sitting there,
 As you used to yesterday;
But a turned-down glass and an empty seat
 Only make me sad and blue,
And I cannot even drink or eat—
 When I miss a pal like you.

I miss you, pal, and the nights are long—
 Long and dark and still;

I miss the smile and I miss the song
That brought the old-time thrill.
And out of the night I hear you cry,
And the cry rings loud and true,
For you seem to say, the same as I,
I miss a pal like you.

Sovereign Visitor.

Joseph Parker.

THE SALVATION ARMY DOUGHNUT.

Only a bit of rich rolled dough fried to a golden
hue
With a snowy dusting of sugar laid on top as
"she" used to do!
Only a girl in a long loose coat, with eyes that were
unafraid,
Cooking and serving. But this was one of the
reasons the red Hun paid!

Round as the circle without an end. (God's love is
endless, too!)
Crisp and sweet and soft and warm as home hearts,
staunchly true!
A bit of the simple when complex things held men's
souls on the rack;
One of Yankeeland's own means of turning an
enemy back!

Served by the army in navy blue to the army in
kahki tan
With never a question of race or creed just, "Are
you a fighting man?"
Shoulder to shoulder they stood out there and the
doughnut link between
Shall never break. Its welded strength was forged
in the Fires unseen.

Anna Hamilton Wood.
Harrisburg (Pa.) Telegraph.

MY NEIGHBOR'S BOY.

He marched away the other day,
In brand new khaki suit,
While fife and drum called "Come, oh, come!"
An awkward, raw recruit,
His mother's smile concealed, meanwhile,
The grief which killed her joy;
The town turned out with cheer and shout,
To speed my neighbor's boy.

But yesterday his boisterous play,
At games a child enjoys,
His whistled tune, morn, night and noon,
Disturbed me with their noise;
And yet, somehow, I'm lonely now,
His din would not annoy,
Since, blithe and gay, he marched away,
I miss my neighbor's boy.

My neighbor, brave, though somewhat grave,
The latest paper scans,
In search of news or slightest clews,
That tell of army plans.
My neighbor's wife hears drum and fife,
Though dreams that rest destroy;
Her heart today is far away,
Where fares my neighbor's boy.

When war shall cease, and gentle peace,
Again reigns o'er the world,
When boys and men march home again,
With every war flag furled,
Our shouts and cheers shall greet their ears.
And tell them of our joys;
Till that blest day, through direful fray,
God keep my neighbors boy.

Modern Woodman.

Geo. H. Free.

THE SWANSINGER.

When the silvery flute of Daphnis,
O'er the flower embroider'd hills
Flow'd away with song of the musical rills;
And the breath of AEolus kissed the golden lilies
In the beautiful garden of Elysium,
Where the crystal Eridianus winds
And divine Lethe slowly glides
Through quiet valleys where all is serene,
When departing day bids adieu,
With the purple dusk of the coming night
Sounds a whisper, soft as molten moonlight,
Like hush of falling dew
It is the Swansingers sweet song.

When the dreamer rests in Morpheus' soft embrace,
Enfolded 'mid dreamland's lovely vision,
Where Druid sheen's glisten and gleams
By quivering moonbeams,
Echoes of murmuring harp strings,
Half forgotten love awakens
Slumbering long since;
Soft as the whisper of twilight,
Soft as the hush of the silvery dew,
The swansingers breathes a lovely song
Then bids the dreamer adieu.

Where the pale Death wanders,
Strewing bleak blossoms of sorrow;
Where the crimson life tide ebbing
Rapidly towards its close,
From beyond the tomb, voices bidding,
Voices faintly calling,
Where memories blossoms budding,
Where deaths dark billows roll
Sounds the swansong of the soul.

When loosened from this vale of tears
Of earthly pain remote, to lofty realms
The soul departs, o'er the quiet stream of Lethe

To spiritlands eternal years,
Where life's beauty melts,
To a silver spun ethereal sheen,
Soft rays of moonlight
Falling from life's pale night.

Oh Swansinger, dream spun vision
Message from beyond, where death deepens
When beauty dies, though wilt sweetly sing
From depth of silence soar on silvery wings,
Like transient rays of Orient opal strings,
Echo of an heavenly anthem, astrain
Borrowed from an Angel's sweet refrain.

Buffalo (N. Y.) Express.

Undine Norren.

TO FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

You little thought when, watching, long ago
You saw the dawn break o'er McHenry's height,
Red with pillage of the anxious night,
And searched with eager eye the sleeping foe—
You little thought that our long day might know
The self-same fears that racked you through the
fight,
And the wild strain that from your heart took
flight
To a great people's battle-cry should grow!

The years have passed, and still those ramparts
brave
Between our hearts and war's dread ravage stand;
Still freemen die their own loved homes to save;
And that dear banner that your vision scanned,
Yea, God be praised! Its starry folds still wave
Triumphant o'er this proud and mighty land!

Utica (N. Y.) Daily Press. George Steele Seymour.

HENRY THE VIII

Doctor Jones
Of whom we now would speak
Once owned a Ford,
Henry its name,
Or else perchance
Lizzie it might be called,
Since, in its actions,
This strange vehicle
Was more like womankind
Than like a man.
For instance
One couldn't even guess
What it would do.
Sometimes 'twould gad about—
At other times
It wouldn't even start—
That's like a woman.
But Henry was its dad
And as this was
The eighth one Jones had had
He called it
Henry the eighth.
One day
Old Doctor Jones
Received a call—
A hurry call—
Someone was dying,
So he was told,
Over the phone.
He grabbed his sack of tools
And in it threw
A dozen bottles and some gauze,
Pills, liquids, capsuls,
Powders and other things
Then to the street he rushed
And grabbed the crank
On Henry's nose.
He turned it once,
He turned it twice,
But Henry never shivered.

He cussed it up the street and back,
But Henry never quivered.
He twirled it like a coffee mill,
But Henry stood serene and still.
"Now phone the patient I can't come,"
Said Doctor Jones unto his wife.
The jitney in its happiness,
That it had saved the patient's life,
Blew out a tire.

ACT II

One morning,
Doctor Jones,
Of whom we last week spoke,
Rolled out of bed ,
With many a sigh and groan,
"My back," he said,
"Pains me most terribly.
"I cannot walk,
" I hardly make a move
"But what it hurts.
"Lord knows
"What I shall do!
"Because today
"I have an operation
"And calls a few."
Groaning he limped
Out through the kitchen door
To his garage
Where Henry lived.
Henry the eighth—
Also yeleft
Henry, the stubborn,
Because of its tin will.
He twirled the crank
And Henry coughed
Then Jones just groaned.
Again he twirled;
It gave a jerk,
And Jones just moaned.

"My back," he said
To his tin tank,
"Will never stand
Another turn
Of that damn crank."
He bent
And twirled again
With utt'ring shrieks
Of awful pain.
This time old Henry
Gave a snort.
Jones thought that it
Would come apart
As it began to quiver.
Then Jones hopped in
And sat him down.
Soon he began to shiver.
The wheel he took,
Each muscle shook—
Heard 'midst his groans
We're rattling bones.
As Henry rumbled full of guile
Across Jones' face there passed a smile.
The jitney's shaking by design
Massaged the pain from Jones' spine.

Journal American Medical Association.

Morris Fishbein, M. D.

THE JAILER SPOUTS.

I am sick of the gloomy silence,
Of the sameness of every day;
Of the dull despair that's everywhere,
Along the weary way!
There isn't a human about me,
Just things that might-have been;
But tempted they fell to the depths of hell,
And are paying the toll of sin!

Ralph Reid Rice.
North Tonowanda (N. Y.) Evening News.

LOVE.

Love called and lo! I came to blossom
on the tree of life.

The fruit of two united hearts with
love and longing rife,
To draw forth care and tenderness, in
life a place to fill,
To grow into a perfect soul of reason
and free will

Love is the sweet and crowning glory
of this life on earth,
From love's undying source came the
mystery of birth.
Love's perfect plan remains unchanged
it ever longs to give
Its tribune to the future of something
that will live.

Warmed by love's sacred flame the
humblest cot becomes a shrine,
Where sweet and tender memories like
tendrils round it twine,
Without love's ties this life would be
of very little worth,
But with love's power home can be-
come the dearest spot on earth.

Love is a wondrous symphony, the
music of the spheres,
Nature's sweetest song where perfect
harmony appears.
The page of life is truly a great and
wondrous scroll
On which to write love's melodies—the
music of the soul.

THE OLD BRUSH HEAP

Old brush heap of my boyhood days,
I saw you in my dreams last night;
Your scraggy limbs and thorny trims
So vividly appeared in sight.
For years you served your purpose well;
How oft I wished you free from brier
That I might as a barefoot boy
Help grandpa pile you still up higher.

From apple trees that stood so near
The ripened fruit would often fall,
Zigzagging down, from top to base,
Where mice and rats and snakes would crawl.
The speckled hen would find a place,
Meandering through the crooked sticks,
To make a nest and lay her eggs
And hatch for us a dozen chicks.

My mother early placed her wash
Upon your bulging sides to dry;
If neath the brush I'd lose my ball,
Then she would say: "My boy, don't cry."
Long years have passed, old brown brush heap
Since I have seen your spiky dome;
Beholding you in vision now
Reminds me of my dear old home.

The Modern Woodman.

James Russel Price.

MY SERVICE FLAG

By the one blue star in my service flag
I have placed another today,
And now in the window where all may see
There are two— each of them precious to me
As I name them to God and pray.

The first star reflects the face of my boy
I see there faith, hope, love and truth,
And a heart all a flame with noble ideals
Dreams of brave service a good soldier feels—
And rose-colored visions of youth.

The other—oh, heart! a slip of a girl
She is young and tender and fair
There's a light in her eye not of sea or land—
Visions of faith in the touch of her hand,
And work she will do "over there!"

God, bless this lad and lassie of mine,
Whose smile from those blue stars I see;
May faith in themselves and faith in their God,
Sustain—e'en tho' they pass under the rod
And bring them back, safe home to me!

The Metabolist.

Lucy Hays Furman.

THE TRANSPORT.

This is the tale of the Transport—
The song of the swarming road,
Where we edge along, and wedge along
With a moaning, groaning load.
Over the slippery highway,
Over the moorland bleak,
Buddie, your way is my way—
Up where the heavies speak.
We have the eyes of owls.
We drive while the night is thick,
Tho the piercing north wind howls,
We'll stick! By God, we'll stick!
We'll hold to the line before us,
We'll cling to the beaten track,
All the hymns of hate in chorus,
Never could turn us back.

Oh it's follow, Buddie follow!
Hang to the car ahead!
Over the hill and hollow—
Hurry! You'll soon be dead.
Thru the deserted village,
By ruin rotten and rank.
With never a chance to pillage—
Where you're cussed if you double bank.
Oh it's onward! Ever onward!
Up to the blazing line.
They are waiting, boy, they are waiting
Up where the star shells shine,
It is ours to roll and rumble—
To juggle the jag of steel,
Till down like a log we tumble
Asleep at the quivering wheel.
It isn't a case of nations
Or color, or caste or creed;
But the guns and the men need rations,
And that is the word we heed.
And as long as the line moves forward,
Or the fires of fury flow,
We'll hold the road with the iron load.
We'll go! By God we'll go.

New York Times.

William V. V. Stephens.

CHILDREN.

Tow-headed babies toddle to and fro,
With eager eyes and busy little hands—
Drag dirt in wheelless boxes, crying "Whoa!"
And build upon imaginary sands.
Laughter and tears make up their little day,
For life holds not more real than children's play.

What matter though the wagon have a wheel,
The sands we sift be coins, the eyes be old?
What matter though we deem the business real,—
Can happiness and grief be bought and sold?
Laughter and tears still rule our little day—
God smiles half sadly while His children play!

The Christian Advocate.

Arthur Powell.

THE GIANT GLADIOLI.

The simple little flower folk
That in my garden dwell
Speak to me in a language
My heart can read full well;
They seem to me like humans
With a mission to fulfill.
The pansies are the heart's ease
To soothe dull care away;
The amaranths are the toilers,
Whose work is built to stay,
While poppies are the idlers,
Or transient as the day.
But you, O gladioli!
My fancy fails to paint—
In your flaming scarlet beauty,
Are you sinner—are you saint?

In the beauty of the dawning,
Radiant red and gemmed with dew;
And the glory of the noontide
Cannot quench your ardent hue,
While the dusky deeps of twilight
Clothe you with a beauty new.
Scarlet as the robes of wanton,
Still my fancy fails to paint—
Were you once a regal sinner?
Or a glorious martyr saint?

Springfield (Mass.) Union.

E. V. C.

JIMMY.

I'm sittin' here thinkin' and thinkin'
Of Jimmy what went to the war;
I've rid all his letters a score o' times,
'Till my poor eyes air sore.

He never was much on writin',
But he could read and spell, could Jim;

And thar warn't a boy in th' county,
As could shoot as straight as him.

But somehow me mind's not aisy,
About me boy over thar;
It's been a year since I heerd from him,
Yas, a year or mo' be mare.

Seems I see him as plain this evening,
As I'm settin' heer tonight;
An' I kinda keep a looking,
For that face that's out o' sight.

Last night I heard him singin',
And called ma to the door,
She turned real white and said, "Why, pa,
Jim cannot come back no more."

Folks look at me and toss thar heads,
As if 'twere somethin' wrong,
But I caren't for I'm going to see,
By boy afore very long.

Detroit (Mich.) Free Press

E. M. B.

WE UNDERSTAND CAMOUFLAGE.

They tell us tales of camouflage—
The art of hiding things,
Of painted forts
And bowered guns invisible to wings;
Well, it's nothing new to us;
To us, the rank and file:
We understand this camouflage.
We left home with a smile.

We saw the painted battleships
And earthen-colored trains,
And planes the hue of laden skies,
And canvas-hidden lanes,

Well, we used the magic art
That day of anxious fears.
We understand the camouflage;
We laughed away your tears.

They say that scientific men
And artists of renown
Debated long on camouflage
Before they got it down.
Well, it came right off to us.
We didn't have to learn.
We understand this camouflage,
We said we'd soon return.

We understand this camouflage:
The art of hiding things,
It's what's behind a sailors jokes
And all the songs he sings.
Yes, it's nothing new to us,
To us, the rank and file,
We understand this camouflage,
We left home with a smile.

Mt. Vernon, (N. Y.) Argus. Henry Thompson.

A CRICKET SINGING IN THE MARKET-PLACE.

Down in the city's market-place,
Today, as I passed by,
Above the tumult and the din
I heard a cricket cry.
Poor little straying vagabond,
Wee singer of the street,
Trilling in that mad wilderness
His song so blithely sweet!

I halted in that busy mart,
Amongst the produce there.
For suddenly I seemed to see
A vista wondrous fair—

Of God's great open country,
Horizons dim and far,
And that same call at even-fall,
When rose the first pale star.

I saw a brooklet edged with ferns.
Where tiny minnows play,
Above the glittering golden sands,
At hide-and-seek all day;
And rustling cornfields, meadows brown,
A-spangled with the dew;
The hills with Indian summer haze
Ethereal and blue.

I heard the twinkling cow-bells,
And smelt the breath of kine
The scent of ripened orchards,
Grapes purpling on the vine.
O vision fair revealing
Such range of time and space!
Moved nigh to tears, in softened mood
I left the market-place.

Ah, minstrel gay, wee troubadour
With voice so shrilly sweet,
You little know what power you had
To spur my lagging feet,
And bear my spirit far away
From all that rush and roar,
To God's own blessed country
And happy days of yore!

Boston (Mass.) Transcript.

Louella C. Poole.

LIFE.

What's life? A story or a song:
A race on any track;
A gay adventure, short or long,
A puzzling nut to crack;

A grinding task; a pleasant stroll;
 A climb; a slide down hill;
A constant striving for a goal;
 A cake; a bitter pill;
A pit where fortune flouts or stings;
 A playground full of fun;—
With many any of these things;
 With others all in one.
What's life? To love the things we see;
 The hills that touch the skies;
The smiling sea; the laughing lea;
 The light in woman's eyes;
To work, and love the work we do;
 To play a game that's square;
To grin a bit when feeling blue;
 With friends our joys to share;
To smile, though games be lost or won;
 To earn our daily bread;—
And when at last the day is done
 To tumble into bed.

Philadelphia (Pa.) Public Ledger. Grif Alexander.

DISCONTENT.

The ceaseless, endless toil of day,
 The clanking of machines;
Awakes unrest within my breast,
 For fairer, brighter scenes!

The yelling of the men at work,
 And ever stifling heat;
The furnace glare that blinds one fair,
 Taunt me of my defeat!

The whirling belts, the dust and grime,
 Confusion everywhere
Plague me to death for just a breath,
 Of woodland scented air!

The motor's throb, the dripping oil,
The whistle's piercing shriek;
Seem naught to me but Hell's fury,
Throughout each busy week!

Buffalo (N. Y.) Enquirer.

Ralph Reid Rice.

THE SEEKER.

He sought in life's fresh and dewy morn;
In misty woodland where the shadows lay;
In summer fields amid the ripening corn;
In meadows sweet with hay.

Nor Khamsin winds nor winter's vulpine tooth
Could daunt him, nor a thousand anxious fears,
For still he sought the fount of endless youth
Through long and bitter years.

Nor did he find it on the hoary hills,
Among those splintered crags he toiled in vain,
Where the long thunder rolls and torn cloud spills
Its cold and barren rain.

He sought it by ocean's tawny sands:
Amid forgotten cities, gray and old;
Love could not woo him with her beckoning hands,
Nor friendship, fame nor gold.

Then to the desert turned his weary feet,
The unattained still luring all his soul,
Till his strained eyes, athwart the dazzling heat,
Beheld at length his goal.

And there he digged, with heart grown old and
seared,
Until he found the spring; when lo! he stood
Ringed round with mountains he himself had reared,
And perished in the solitude.

Buffalo (N. Y.) Times.

Doris Kenyon.

BETSEY'S FLAG.

When Betsey made our battle-flag
Her nimble fingers did not lag
She kept the candle burning bright
And worked throughout the live long night.
Sewing the stripes of white and red,
Counting the moments as they sped,
And as the morning dawned to view
She sewed the stars upon the blue.

And men of valor bore it high.
And for its sake did freely die!
Through all the agony and strife—
The birth-throes of our Nation's life,
Brave Betsey's banner high in air,
Inspired them both to do and dare!
To sacrifice in freedom's name
And keep it pure without a stain.

Through many dark and weary years
Of want and agony and tears,
That flag has given hope to men—
Courage to bravely fight and win.
The children now of every race
Of every creed from every place,
Beneath its folds grow fair and free
In our blest land of Liberty.

For many years our Betsey Ross
Has slept beneath the vines and moss.
Yet her dear banner is unfurled
And waves a message o'er the world;
To hear the cry of the oppressed!
To see that wrongs may be redressed.
To blaze a path of liberty
Around the world 'till all are free!

Boston (Mass.) Record. Mrs. Henry Armstrong.

A GARDEN AT DUSK.

Peace like an angel walks
A garden gray
When western alters flame,
With ending day.

As He on Olive found
The garden's peace,
So we may find from care
A calm release.

Sky winds with urns of musk
Go soft along
Or pause to hear enrapt.
The thrush's song.

There tumult passes not
The gateway bars,
Only the wings of dust,
The feet of stars.

Boston (Mass.) Transcript. Arthur Wallace Peach.

HERO'S GRAVES.

Honor the graves in the heart of France,
Where fields lie ravaged; where armies advance;
And the crosses stretch out their arms so scarred,
Like the dead beneath whom the guns have marred,
In France,
Peace-loving France.

They rest content until God shall call,
The heroes to glory, then despots shall fall
And the truly noble in triumph stand
In the perfect peace of a happier land,
Than France,
War weary France.

There where they fought unsullied they lie,
Their berth is the earth, their cover the sky,
They sought no tribute and heeded not loss,
So honor each mound with its warwon cross,
In France,
Glorified France.

Parish News (Church of the Ascension)
Buffalo, N. Y. Millard S. Burns.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

He of them all, alone, since Lincoln died,
Deserves the name: Greatest American!
Swiftest in loyal, patriotic pride
His warm, full, steady human pulses ran
The rare components of a true statesman!
For, in his vision to foresee events,
None was his equal of the Presidents.
Never—though quick to act, was he precipitate;
Almost unerring in his choice of Right
Concerning the matters which affect the State,
His part performed he in the Public's sight—
Reasons and actions naked in the light.
Just to the good but not afraid to fight,
He touched the point of high equivalence;
Poised, firm, secure, rock-based and strong,
Loving kind Peace yet ready for the Wrong!
O, friend of mine! my fears are not for you—
I weep today for those who never knew!

Honolulu Star Bulletin. E. S. Goodhue.

POTLATCH.

Indians of the past, dressed in their blanket array
Dance their war-path dance, dance of a by-gone
day.
Tom-toms pounding their beat, footballs beating
away,

Chant of a mournful strain, chant of the red-man's
lay.

'Round in a circle they go, caught in that mystic
sway,

Red-men of long ago, race of a dying day.

Theirs is a mournful chant, chant of a crooning
lay.

Men of the fading race, dance it again, we pray.

Dimmer the tom-toms sound, dim with the twilight's
gray,

Till in their carved canoes, the paddle away—away.

Helen E. Maring.
Seattle (Wash.) Post-Intelligencer.

CHEER.

You have seen, at close of a rainy day,
When the setting sun had peeped out,
How a brilliant bow lit the eastern sky,
Putting mist and gloom to rout;
And you may have stood on the shore at night,
While you watched the bright moon rise,
As she spread a carpet of silvery sheen
To entice you to the skies.
That is just the way with a friendly smile,
It will scatter joy and dull care beguile.

By the pole star, set in the northern sky,
Does the sailor find his way;
By its steadfast beam he may lay his course
In the night as in the day,
Though the distant star should be quenched,
its light,
Shining on for many a year,
Would afford a guide for the mariner
Through the midnight dark to steer,
So a noble deed will its light shed on
Though its author long to his rest has gone.

Give a smile to him whom you meet today,
And a word of hearty cheer;
Have a handclasp warm for the friend you
greet,
Though the day be dark and drear,
Then you'll see this gloomy old world light up,
Like the moonlight on the wave,
And return to you the engaging smile
And the kindly word you gave.
Do a noble act, and like beacon rays
It will guide a brother o'er stormy ways.

Sioux City (Ia.) Journal.

George H. Free.

WELCOME TO OUR SOLDIERS.

On sunny days, in lilac time,
When earth is green and skies are blue,
When church bells ring their sweetest chime,
And blood runs high and hearts beat true,
Brave soldiers all, we welcome you!

Back home again! What magic words!
Dear mother's love and sweetheart true,
And little hands, and songs of birds,
And apple blossoms peeping thru—
Brave soldiers all, we welcome you!

O, God of Fate! Those left behind,
In Flanders Fields and Argonne Wood,
And Chateau-Thierry, too, the blind,
The lame (those steeped in richest blood),
Lo! let us not forget this day!
Let's bare our heads and kneel and pray!

Copyright 1919.

Kansas City (Mo.) Times. Henry Polk Lowenstein.

GET THE THING IN HAND.

Have you refused a favor
 To your fellowman behind,
Have you answered with a promise
 "I will keep the thing in mind,"
While he is pulling sturdily
 His little craft to land,
Don't you think 'twould help much better
 To get the thing in hand?

Perhaps he has a fond ambition—
 It would help so very much
If you would kindly volunteer
 To help him get a firmer clutch,
But you shake your head so doubtfully,
 At least to him 'twould seem
While he is pulling all alone
 To cross the treacherous stream.

A helping hand is oftentimes needed,
 'Tis a fact and not a dream
For there are many all about you
 Who are struggling in the stream
Just sinking for a helping hand
 To guide them past the shoal
To give them added courage
 To reach the cherished goal.

But when at last it's over
 And when his craft he's manned
On shore you'll meet him with a smile
 As if you helped him land;
But the smile would have been much broader
 For this fellowman behind
For to take in hand is better far
 Than just keeping things in mind.

JUST LONESOME.

Now don't you git to feelin' blue
When the folks is gone from home?
With nobody 'bout but you,
And your fancies 'round you roam
You kin git the oddest notions,
And kin feel the strangest things,
And your brain gits full of motions,
While the bell of memory rings.
For 'tis then you think of bydays,
And the dreams of days to come,
Set your ideas goin' sideways,
And your whims to travlin' some.
You're apt to think the world's abused you,
Or you've likely lost your friends,
Perhaps your conscience has accused you
For some things without amends,
But its lonesomeness, so I thinks,
And with nothin' else to do,
Makes your mind get on the hijinx
When there's no one home but you.

Pasadena (Cal.) Star-News

Esther Crone.

"DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP."

Who dares to sail on uncharted seas,
The grand old ship of state?
An unknown flag thrown to the breeze,
An unknown port to wait.

What Admiral walks her quarter deck,
What hand is at her wheel;
Does he know of the angry waves that wreck,
Of rocks that gnaw the keel?

What priceless cargo does she hold?
The destiny of our common weal!
American freedom, rich and old;
Handed down from Bunker Hill!

Our ship must sail in paths well known,
On each and every trip;
We may give up our Admiral,
But we won't give up the ship.

The National Republican.

R. T. Bond.

LINES TO DOROTHY DAVIS.

Little lass, like skies in summer,
Are your witching eyes gray-blue;
While your lips so crimson tinted,
Seems like rose leaves bathed in dew!

Slender lass your laughter ringing,
Sounds like chimes in melodies;
Soft and low and sweet and carefree,
It drifts on the summer breeze!

Pretty lass with curly tresses,
Hued much like the raven's wing;
All the joy, this earth possesses,
Awaits your gleaning in life's spring!

Ralph Reid Rice.

North Tonowanda (N. Y) Evening News.

GRAY DAYS.

Hang the gray days!
The deuce-to-pay days!
The feeling-blue and nothing-to-do days!
The sit-by-yourself-for-there's nothing-new days!
When the cat that Care killed without excuse
With your inner self's crying, "Oh, what's the
use?"
And you wonder whatever is going to become of
you,
And you feel that a cipher expresses the sum
of you;

And you know that you'll never,
Oh, never, be clever,
Spite of all your endeavor
Or hard work or whatever!
Oh, gee!
What a mix-up you see
When you look at the world where you happen
to be!
Where strangers are hateful and friends are a
bore,
And you know in your heart you will smile
nevermore!
Gee, kid!
Clap on the lid!
It is all a mistake! Give your worries the skid!
There are sunny days coming
Succeeding the blue
And bees will be humming
Making honey for you,
And your heart will be singing
The merriest tune
While April is bringing
A May and a June!
Gray days?
Play days!
Joy-bringing pay days
And heart lifting May days!
The sun will be shining in just a wee while,
So smile!

Grif. Alexander.
Philadelphia (Pa.) Evening Ledger.

THE SISTERS OF MERCY.

I see them on Life's thronging pathways,
And in the homes of the poor;
In the hospitals and the byways,
Helpful and kind and pure.
They close the eyes, when life has fled,
Of the waifs and worn of Time;

And follow where The Master led
In their helpfulness sublime,
They have taken the vows of Heaven,
And chosen a path of love;
They labor each day of the seven.
For the Lord of Life above.
When at last they lay life's burden down,
Then their's is the bright, unfading crown.

William Kimberly Palmer.
Springfield (Mass.) Union.

OUR OWN COUNTRY.

America, heart of the West,
Her radiant flag by millions blest,
Her soil no despot's horde defiles,
From Arctic snows to tropic isles,
'Tis freedom's own America.

America no fetters brings
But blessings to her uncrowned kings,
The freeman who on her glad soil
May live, and love, and proudly toil,
Who guard our own America.

America in peace would trust,
Though sword unsheathed if cause be just;
Her mighty arm shall ever be
For justice, truth and liberty,
The sinews of America.

Dynasties to doom must go,
Her glory with her stars will grow,
For God will crown her years with light,
Day unto day, night unto night,
And guide our own America.

Buffalo Express.

Millard S. Burns.

THE STAMP BOOK.

Willie's got a stamp book and when he gets a chance,
He trades the ones from Canada for those they use in France.
There's blue ones from the British Isles, and green ones from Bombay,
And purples, reds, and lavenders, from Spain and Uruguay.
There's little stamps from India and big ones from Japan.
And funny ones from Italy, and far off Hindoostan.

No matter what we're thinking of, or what we'd talk about
Before we have a chance to start, Bill gets his stamp book out
And shows the stamps from Sicily, and those from Borneo;
The kind they use in Germany—where Kaiser Wilhelms grow—
He tells about the preciousness (?) of stamps from Netherlands,
And countries where the mermaids loaf around on coral strands.

We like the stamps in Willie's book, the ones from México;
The kind that comes from Africa—where ret hot breezes blow;
There's something quite delightful about those from Brazil—
But, when we turn the pages o'er, we raise our hat to Bill.
For there we find a lot of stamps—a million dollars worth—
In sentiment—our Uncle Sam's—the greatest stamps on earth.

James M. Woodman.
Waukegan (Ill.) Daily Gazette.

A CHRISTMAS OF THE PAST.

Hang the holly from the rafters;
Let its crimson berries show!
We are living in the laughter
Of the days of long ago!
We are dreaming in the firelights
Playing by us on the floor,
While the church bells, from the far heights,
Tell a Christmas tale of yore!

I have kissed the sunny tresses
Of my sweetheart's lifted brow;
And I've cherished her caresses
Through the many years 'til now!
I have heard the bells' sweet chiming;
I have seen the flakes that fell,
Filmy as her veil, and shining
There, beneath the marriage-bell!

Oh, the years are many, many;
And the golden locks I knew
They are white as any, any
Violets that ever grew!
And her eyes have lost their glory;
And her steps are strangely slow!
Still, we live within the story
Of a Christmas long ago!

Hang the holly from the rafters;
Smile upon us as you pass!
You are living in the laughter;
You, my merry lad and lass!
You are biding in the rhyming
Of the bells which sound for all;
You are chanting in their chiming
Ere the shadows gloam and fall!

Leslie Clare Manchester.

Erie County (N. Y.) Independent.

MY MOTHER.

She went to sleep as sweetly as a child
That had lived through the fullness of its day,
With all its love, its hope, its tears, its play,
And slumbered as by lovely dreams beguiled.
Her face still bore her soul's fond impress mild—
Soul so benignly angelic in its way,
And that shone with a gladly soothing ray
On all who sorely troubled near her whiled.
If the pure light that burns in grateful hearts
Could enter in the chambers of the tomb,
It would with kindly splendor hers illume—
A splendor that a sacred glow imparts
As the perpetual light before a shrine
That harbors Christ's embodiments divine.

Minneapolis (Minn.) Tribune Peter Fandel.

NEVER YOU WORRY.

Never you worry, never you fret
Over some trouble you'll never get;
Cease that pining, still that sorrow
For what might happen on the morrow.
The ship that is tossed by the roughest gale
May be the one that you'll not sail;
And the thing that seems the hardest task
May be the one that you have past.

A little burden met each day
Will give you strength along your way
To undertake the task that is near;
Never you worry, never you fear.
If little trials don't hurt much,
Vice will ne'er get you in its clutch;
For the purest lives, it has been shown,
Are those who have borne a burden alone.

There are two ways to meet a trouble—
Trim it down, don't let it double.

Weeds and thistles will never grow
If you speedily apply the hoe.
Then plant flowers in their stead,
Watering the roots now nearly dead;
Then comes pleasure, if you take it.
Life is much as you make it.

If tomorrow's worries are put in the rear,
Thus making room for love and cheer,
Then the weeping willow has gone its pace
And the sturdy oak has taken its place—
To be a shelter, not a broken reed,
To the weary traveler in need.
And thus in service for mankind
You'll leave your burden far behind.

Christian Evangelist

Mat O. Long.

THE STORM.

O Storm, in early days I welcomed well thy
 coming,
 But now thy frozen blast too perilous is for
 me,
Thy clamorous breath through unleaved tree-tops
 wildly thrumming,
 Or buffeting to billows high, the panting sea.
I only love the lulls atween thy boisterous raging,
 The stripes of sunlight that atween thy
 shadows fall,
I love not now thy wind's fierce war wide
 waging,
 The night long blast that is thy ceaseless
 trumpet's call.
No longer would I fain be comrade of thy wan-
 derings,
 Like leaf, or cloud, or wind, or like thee
 panting wave,

But rather shelter seek from earth's expose
 meanderings,
The weary, trembling limb awhile to rest and
 save.

Thy skyey speed wakes no courageous emulation,
 Thy heavenly wanderings appeal to me no
 more,
I join not now thy loudest sunset salutations
 Nor greet again the dawn with thy long,
 deafening roar,
Yet in thy trumpet tones perhaps true prophets
 sing,
Departing winter mourns at coming of the
 spring.

Athol (Mass.) Chronicle. Perry Marshall.

WELL DONE.

His master's lash the slave may drive his labors
 to renew;
The bugle's blast the soldier spur to charge the
 foe anew;
The sting of want the peasant urge to delve from
 sun to sun,
But no incentive rouses like the little words,
 "Well done!"

Too oft the world withholds the meed of praise,
 when fairly earned;
Too oft, alas, indifference has zeal to langour
 turned;
Too oft have loyalty and faith no recognition
 won;
O weary hearts, how ye have craved those
 treasured words, "Well done!"

Arraigned before the great white throne, we
 each must stand at last,

While judgement is pronounced on all the deeds
which form our past;
How sweet the blest assurance that the golden
crown we've won
Embodied in the Master's words, "Well done,
my child, well done!"

Then do not fail those words to give when they
are due;
Like bread upon the waters cast, they may re-
turn to you,
Dispelling gloom and loneliness, like mists before
the sun—
Those simple words, those magic words, those
blessed words, "Well done!"

George H. Free.

Sioux City (Iowa) Journal.

WHEN YOU ARE SMILING.

When you are smiling, O life seems
Most wonderful in song and dreams.
No matter where I turn I see
The happy things, and then to me
Comes swiftly winging on their way
From sunny lands and far Cathay
The sweetest songs heart ever heard
In vocal or the printed word.

When all is joy with you and bliss
It's like the wonder of a kiss
That takes away in sweetness all
Save that which makes life beautiful;
For when you're happy so am I,
Life dances on in melody,
But when your peace has fled away
I walk with Sorrow all the day.

There is a harmony of hearts
That knows and feels and plays its part

So well, though even distance lie
Between us, still it cannot die;
And so in all our days' employ
Let's fill our happy hearts with joy
That we uphold whom we love best
And give the world our loveliest.

Myrtella Southerland.

Detroit (Mich.) Free Press.

SPRING.

(From the Persian.)

Each green upon the margin of a stream below,
Is nutured by the angel breath that on it blow.
Then trampled not the turf with heavy feet of
scorn,
That verdure from love's dust love's tulip dust
was born.

O friend, not o'er the morrow let us ever grieve,
The joys of this glad moment we will never
leave,
For if the next tomorrow from earth's face we
pass,
We be among the ages, though today but grass.

The blood of all the great becomes the tulip's
bloom,
And beauty's fair estate reigns on that great-
ness' tomb;
The violets, whose love adorns the gladsome
glades,
Were one time moles on beauty's maiden cheeks,
which fades.

Permit not sorrow thee in her firm arms to seize,
Nor any subtle grief to fan with woe's breeze.
For joy of Spring hath touched the meadow's
murmuring lips

Upon whose stream life's oar now slowly,
sweetly dips.

Some ponder over dogmas and man's final faith,
Uncertainty and doubt wreath some a rueful
wraith,

And then an unseen herald from his ambush cries,
'That not through either pathway their direction
lies.

A while were we by teachers patiently well
taught,

A while by our own goodness vanity was caught.
The end of all discourse is patient and content,
Like water hither came we, and like wind we
went.

Upon the red roses's face the breath of Spring
is sweet,

In gardens of repose the pulse of love is fleet;
If yester's wintry day were weary, lone and sad,
Be blithe, and talk today of days that will be
glad.

Perry Marshall.

Springfield (Mass.) Union.

FORGET IT.

Do you hold a grudge for a wrong sustained
In the years of a distant past
Forget it:—No good can be attained
From letting your anger last.

Do you blame someone for a goal once missed
In the strenuous game of life?
Forget it:—Such thoughts do not assist
In winning the present strife.

Do you feel outraged by an act unjust
That has caused you loss or pain?

Forget it:—In some clean counter-thrust
You can new successes gain.

Do you chide yourself for a blunder made
When you thought you were doing right?
Forget it:—And bravely, undismayed,
Retrive it in this day's fight.

Leroy H. Kelsey.

Knights of Pythias Insurance Department News.

MEMORIAL DAY.

Heads low—they're passing now—
These who have fought their fight and won,
Halting in step, feeble and bent,
Whitened by years, by war scars rent;
Stricken in numbers, marching slow
With the same spirit they marched years ago—
Brave veterans whose work is done!

War's in the land once more,
The Flag waves free from shore to shore,
And here this fair Memorial Day
Blend memories of the Blue and Gray.
Love in the heart, tears in the eye—
Hush, they are passing by!

E. S. Goodhue.

Pacific Commercial Advertiser (Honolulu).

FOR ALL THE SAINTS.

For all the Saints who have not found their
rest,
Whose faith was never in our creeds expressed,
But in their human lives Thy love confessed,
Alleluia!

For Saints who wear no halo in the fray,
Who see no vision gleam upon their way,
But bear the heat and burden of the day,
Alleluia!

For Saints who sailed the sea and dared the sky,
With nerves of steel, cool brain, unflinching eye,
Saints loving life, but not afraid to die,
Alleluia!

For Saints of forge and factory, mine and bench,
Saints of the trawler and the muddy trench,
Who gave their very blood hell's fire to quench,
Alleluia!

For all the Saints far hidden from the strife,
Saints of the home and ward and healing knife,
For brother, lover, comrade, loyal wife,
Alleluia!

So as our hearts recount the nameless host
On bloody field, or camp, or mine strewn coast,
We sing to Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Alleluia!

J. C. Harris.

Meriden (Conn.) Record.

MY PRAYER.

To live not long but well I pray,
Clean, upright, honest and sincere.
Let me be big in little things,
And brave when trials come.
Let me neither condemn nor scorn my weaker
brother;
But always know he does the best he can,
And that none but God
Can completely understand.
If sickness, failure or suffering should be my
Fate,
Give me the Courage to meet
Each as a soldier, bravely,
And when the last great Adventure comes
May I go Smiling?

Scottie McKensie Frasier.
Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser.

THE HIGHLANDS.

I know beyond the bounds of earth and time
They wait for me, and that at length I'll climb
The trail which winds above the valley land,
And feel again the clasping of a hand
As warm and tender as it used to be;
I know some day my loved and lost I'll see!

A Sharon rose is blooming sweet and pale
And tipping all its blossoms in the gale,
And all the Table Land of God is fair;
And lo, the vanished ones of earth are there!
They walk the up-land paths and pluck the
bloom,
Pale-petaled in the haunts beyond the tomb!

And in their locks and in their reaching hands
The amaranths of glad eternal lands
Are white and sweet and cool with beaded dew;
And ah, dear hearts, they twine a wreath for
you,
A wreath whose fragrant bloom shall never
blight;
They, they, who dwell beyond the morning light!

Oh, are your eyes too dim with tears to see
The white-clad forms from out eternity
Come down the highland trail and signal there,
And smile to you upon the marble stair;
And kiss their finger-tips and softly wave
Their love from yonder lands beyond the grave!

Then tearless, lift your faces up to them,
The angels of your love and seraphim,
And scent the highland lilies blooming sweet;
And hear the never-ceasing tread of feet
That follow down the winding mountain road
Back to the ones they love in earth's abode!

Leslie Clare Manchester.
Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

ROOSEVELT.

Columbia,
If aught but loss of honor
Or decay of principle
May set the wellsprings of thy tears aflow,
The occasion now is thine.
For he, thy champion supreme,
Who took his heartbeats from thine own,
Was snatched from thee all unforwarned
And left thee desolate and bereft.
Yes, he thy son, whoever stood by thee
And all his soul in loving abeyance held
Unto thy intimate counsel and demand,
In the very hour of thy sorest need
Has fallen a prey to the grim reaper—Death.
How proud he was! how faithful and how
strong!

He, with indomitable courage of a lion,
Stood constant guard beside thee and
With jealous eye scanned every act
That dared assail thy honor or besmirch.
Strong sinewed, both of mind and limb,
He feared no ill-designing foe,
Nor the enmity of those who tried
To shield corruptive aim and suffered wrong
Behind the barrers of the glorious aegis.
He was a man of men—
One who summed our divergent strength
And roused our conscience from submissive sloth
Against the infesting evils of the day.
He rested not nor slumbered,
But breathed his fiery spirit in the land
Till it became therewith a flame
And scourged the felonius sin thereof.
And if from labors in the vicious pit
He came not forth entirely unscathed
Or, in devotion to the cause,
Perchance sometimes o'er-reached himself,
The blame should not be counted his;
For noble souls to virtue may transmute

Oft trait of human frailty
And thus be more deserving still.
But when, by the receding paths,
He in perspective true shall once be placed
And loom forth free from personal animosities
And the contrarities of feeling
And strange antagonisms of mind
That dis-esteem in shallow mortals breed,
He shall appear in true proportions—
Proportions that shall measure well
With those of our heroic dead
Who live on still in our institutions
And are their glory and enduring worth.

Peter Fandel.

Minneapolis (Minn.) Tribune.

ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL.

They closed the eyes and laid away to sleep
In nature's bosom but the flesh he wore,
Dust unto dust; for while the angels keep
Celestial records, he lives evermore!
Lives, moves and has his being in the hearts
Of all who knew and cherished him before!

Star-high, sea-low, the fame of him shall spread
From Orient to the coast of setting sun.
How dare ye say a man like this is dead?
The pulse be stilled, his work has but begun!
Thru history making epochs shall he lead
With unseen hand until sweet rest be won!

And little children standing at our knee
With wondering eyes shall ask concerning him,
A prince of men, who faced Eternity
Unflinching, as he faced war's scarlet sin;
Unmoved, as thru the tides of calumny
He fought his way to justify—and win!

Bend low the knee for Roosevelt rides by
In chariot of fire and clothed in light
Transcending all the glories of the earth,
Illumining the blackness of our night!
God made him, sent him, saved him, he is ours!
Friend, counsellor, apostle of the right.

Anna Hamilton Wood.
Harrisburg, (Pa.) Telegraph.

THE STAR OF GOLD.

As the flag unfurls, a star of gold,
On a spotless field of white,
'Midst the many blue stars clustered there
Is shining clear and bright.

The blue star speaks of a loved one gone
Till our nation's wrongs be righted,
Yet it breathes a hope of happier days
And of loved ones reunited.

Oh! star of gold, on your silken fold,
What do you seek to say
To the hearts that are grieving for one who sleeps
In a land that is far away?

"A star of gold—I speak of a soul
Whom God hath called to rest,
Who promptly answered duty's call,
And bravely did his best.

"And though for him the sun hath set
'Neath the horizon's rim,
A golden star I've risen here
For all is well with him."

Agnes Weeks Chambers.
Sovereign Visitor.

MY DAFFODILS.

When April thrills the wakening hills,
The sunshine on their summits spills
The charm divine of amber wine—
Then come the darling daffodils,—
The darling, darling daffodils!

While winter chills yet rarely kills,
And slowly yet the Dream fulfills,
In mist and rain they come again,
The dainty, dancing daffodils—
The dream—decended daffodils.

When vapor crawls and mountain walls
Give back the cuckoo's ringing calls,
Old frinds and dear they reappear,
The dauntless, dainty, daffodils,
The hope-inspiring daffodils!

Before the swallow wings his flight,
Or frosts have ceased to blast and blight,
With rapture fine their faces shine;
The bliss-begotten daffodils,
The bliss-bestowing daffodils!

Arthur Goodenough.
Springfield, (Mass.) Republican.

UP THERE.

I like the words of him who, asked
His thought of death that came so soon
To those who in heavens know
Defeat, dark plunge or conqueror's boon.

Replied: "So many of the boys
Have gone, I do not care a rap;
There'll be a grand old crowd Up There
To greet you with, 'Hello, old chap!' "

Arthur Wallace Peach.
Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

, THE WIND.

Oldest of wanderers am I,
In every land beneath the sky
In days of gold, or days of gray
Or late or soon I take my way.

I saw the Night from Day withdraw;
The childhood of the world I saw;
And scanned the star 'ere human eyes
Had pondered on their mysteries!

In ancient Eden I sojourned
Before the snake his cunning learned;
And followed the unhappy pair
Into their exile of despair!

Invisible upon the plain,
I saw the woeful deed of Cain,
And in the solemn silence trod
With Enoch when he "walked with God!"

In Babel's mighty tower I share,
With Rome's Imperial legions fared;
With Moses out of Egypt fled,
And saw where men of Sparta bled!

Lo! I was old at Babylon,
And older still at Marathon,
And saw the Jew's Theocracy
Replaced by grim autocracy.

In the Chaldean idol groves,
Witness was I of wanton loves;
And in the temple of the sun
I saw the rite of worship done.

I saw the ever glorious Star;
The Wise Men faring from afar;
And to Bethlehem's sleeping town
The Holy Child from heaven came down.

I crossed the height of Calvary
When hither came God's son to die;
And tarried for a little stay
Outside the chamber where he lay.

And when the dreary wait was past
And his good time had come at last,
With greater joy than I can say
I saw his glad Ascension Day!

With royal Constantine I fared,
With Alaric his fate I shared,
And viewed his coming—iron shod;
Who men have named the "Scourge of God!"

The Island Empire of Japan
The storied streets of Ispahan,
Sidon, Siberia and Cathay
My flight has covered in a day!

In me are housed the legacies
Of all the ancient mysteries,
And as I fare from shore to shore
I utter fragments of my lore!

But as I pass from place to place,
No soul has ever seen my face,
For Fate has woven me a spell
Which render me invisible!

Oldest of travelers am I;
I was not born—nor can I die!
But bear like Pagan mercury
The messages of Destiny!

Arthur Goodenough.
Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

OCTOBER DAYS.

In her beautiful scarlet colors
Nature paints with lavish hand

All the flaming sumac bushes far and near;
And a teeming gorgeous beauty
Is beheld throughout the land
On a frosty morn in autumn-time of year.

When the harvests all are gathered,
And the roads are smooth and dry,
With a tang of cool and bracing atmosphere,
As the geese are flying southward,
Through the blue and cloudless sky,
There's a tranquil charm to autumn-time of year.

Le Roy Huron Kelsey.
Kansas City, (Mo.) Journal.

THE BRAVE OF THE FREE.

They come! Old Glory flying!
Brave soldiers of the free,
All crowned with fame undying,
And flushed with victory.

Give them a royal greeting,
And make the welkin swell
With echoes loud repeating,
In chorus—all is well!

Theirs is the wreath of glory,
Woven with deeds sublime,
Midst battles grim and gory,
The greatest of all time.

There is no higher mission
Than that when men must fight
To crush vile opposition
Which strangles peace and right.

They boldly faced dire dangers,
To blaze—with friendly force—
A path of peace where strangers
May follow and indorse.

With will and zeal inspired,
By grand immortal laws,
Where righteous duty fired,
They fought for Freedom's cause.

Strong faith and true devotion,
Is Life's eternal force,
The magnet of emotion,
That shapes each upward course.

Midst wars infernal ashes,
New charms and visions rise
And, like quaint Northern flashes,
Reflect bright rosy skies.

All hail! with proud rejoicing,
God's heroes coming home,
With hearts and spirits voicing
High praise across the foam.

Let memory fondly wander
To those who cannot come,
But dream where angels ponder
And send a message home.

The war-sick world is waking,
From Life's long, haunted night,
While gleams of peace are breaking,
In glad and holy light.

Buffalo Express.

George Sands Johnson.

SUN-KISSED OKLAHOMA.

Oklahoma, land of promise, wondrous in thy might,
Balmy are thy days and sunny, blue thy skies and
bright;
Flower-scented are the breezes o'er thy verdant
plains,
Music-throated are thy song-birds in their glad re-
frains:

Fat and sleek thy short-horn cattle on their pastures green,
Pure and clear thy water-courses, with their silver sheen.

Oklahoma, land of cotton, and of wheat and corn,
Varied are the crops abundant that thy fields adorn;
Clover sweet and fine alfalfa in thy meadows grow;
Under-ground thy gas and oil wells yield a precious flow;
Princely are thy lead and zinc mines, richest in the land;
Regal wealth and splendid resources are at thy command.

Oklahoma, land of plenty, and of magic stride,
Industry has been thy habit, up-to-date-ness is thy pride;
Where the stranger finds a welcome and the honest man a home,
On the prairies where but lately swarthy Red-men used to roam;
Great commercial growth and progress has rewarded enterprise,
And to-day thy rank and prestige e'en thy rivals recognize.

Miami, (Okla.) Times.

Le Roy H. Kelsey.

FAME.

Roses flung upon the stage from behind a line of light—
The heady, clamoring applause of a full house to-night!
When faded, gone, are all the flowers and faces,
And only shadows linger in the peopled places,
What shall remain to me for years of dull defeat
But one triumphant hour, too bittersweet.

Chicago Evening Post.

Elizabeth Crichton.

HEART BEATS.

Purple!
Lavender and green lace!
Symbolic of tranquility
And wisdom.
Along the western hills
Sweet purple flowers
And green lace foliage
Nod
And smile
Their friendly greetings—
Friendly because
They have lived through
Many generations
Of Love and Hate—
Through storms—
Tempests and gales—
They have known
Success and failure—
Hope and despair—
Yet
They are not beaten.
The tender violet
And forget-me-nots
Of spring
Are only children—
Delicate
And cruelly crushed
By ill humored elements—
Summer brings roses—
Alive to Life
In its most potent sense—
Sturdy and garnet-gowned—
Majestic and lovely.
The poppies—
Flaming and gorgeous—
Are signals
From departed souls
Whose lives were cut
Untimely

And too short.
But autumn
Brings the seasons
Choicest
And most radical to bloom—
Struggling
And symbolizing
Human battles and fatigue
With resultant wisdom.
The burning Red Hawes
Flame their brilliant signals
Of siritual unrest—
Of torment and confusinon.
But Asters and Thistles—
Zenias and the other
Purple flowers
(Apparent derelicts)
Along the roadside—
Are sympathetic
Charitable and kind—
They understand
Youth's enthusiasm—
Human impulses—
And the vagaries
Of middle age—
For they are
The reincarnated spirits
Of old people
Who have lived through
Many seasons
Of struggle and strife—
They are blossoms
Symbolic of wisdom—
They know all
And are very kind.

SELAH!

Omaha (Neb.) Daily Bee. Adelaide Kennerly.

THE OLD HOME.

It's only a broken-down shack, sir,
The home of my boyhood days,
But to me it brings back mem'ries
As on its ruins I gaze;
Mem'ries of time long passed, sir,
Of the days that used to be,
When as a child I roamed around
And from worldly cares was free.

The same old trees are standing
Like sentinels around
Guarding the home of my childhood
With a silence that's profound,
While the birds as of old are filling
The air with their summer song
Accompanied by the music
From the brook as it ripples on.

The windows all are broken,
And the walls are caving in,
While the old door's barely hanging
Onto what was once its hinge;
And the ivy still is clinging,
As my heart is clinging still,
To the old home of my childhood,
To me with mem'ries filled.
And at times when I'm here a-dreaming
Of the days that used to be,
All seems to change to a vision,
And once again I see
Faces and forms of loved ones,
Seem to hear their voices, too,
And a lump rises in my throat, sir,
And I feel just a trifle blue.

But somehow it does me good, sir,
To sit here at close of day,
While over there in the tinted west
Sets the sun with a flaming ray;

And I sit here alone just thinking,
And my thoughts they carry me back
To those happy days of my boyhood
I spent round this broken-down shack.

Hubert A. Blackburn.

Springfield, (Mass.) Union.

THE TOAD.

It's under a lavender foxglove flow'r
That leans from the garden edge;
It's where in the early springtime hour
The white comes out on the hedge!
It's close by the path I daily tread;
It's close by the trail he waits,
This hermit old with the years long fled
There back of the garden gate!

Oh, 'neath the snows of the winter long
He sleeps in the earth's warm heart
Till wakened there by the bluebird's song
Across the mead and mart,
He sits at the door of his cavern deep
And swells his bagpipe throat;
And watches while the night-worlds sleep
The things that fly and float!

He's brown and beaded, hunched and old;
But he loves my garden well!
And I'd miss him there as I'd miss the gold
In the heart of each fair bluebell!
He's a friend to the folks that travel and trade
And circle the world around!
He's a friend, a friend, though he's humbly
made
Of the shards of sinew and sound!

Leslie Clare Manchester.

Our Dumb Animals.

HILLS OF HOME.

I dream of hills of other days whose sides I loved
to roam
When spring was dancing through the lanes of
those distant hills of home.
The winds of heaven gathered there as pure and
cold as dew;
Wood-sorrel and wild violets along the hedgerows
grew,
The blossom on the pear-trees was as white as flakes
of foam
In the orchard 'neath the shadow of those distant
hills of home.
The first white frost in the meadow will be shining
there today,
And furrowed upland glinting warm beside the
woodland way.

Boston, (Mass.) Globe.

Malcolm Hemphrey.

CHALLENGE.

Life, I challenge you to try me,
Doom me to unending pain;
Stay my hand, becloud my vision,
Break my heart and then—again.

Shatter ever dream I've cherished,
Fill my heart with ruthless fear;
Follow every smile that cheers me
With a bitter, blinding tear.

Thus I dare you; you can try me,
Seek to make me cringe and moan,
Still my unbound soul defies you,
I'll withstand you—and, alone!

The (N. Y.) Call.

Jean Nette.

AUTUMN.

Now the summer time is over and the Autumn days
are here,
The richest, rarest, ripest days through all the
whole long year,
For October's skies are bluer than the skies of any
June,
And the earth is brimmed with beauty on this smiling
afternoon.
There is not the simple sameness as in Summer's
robe of green
For gay colors, bright and vivid, sparkle in the
harvest scene.

Now the greatest, grandest Artist with his magic
brush and dyes,
Has splashed the lanes and woodland with the tints
of sunset skies.
From the hickories and hazels gleams of glowing
crimson shine
And the grapes are deepest purple hanging heavy
on the vine.
There the sassafras and sweet-gum flaunt a flag of
scarlet hue
And the ragged wayside weedlings blossom out in
tender blue.

All earth's carpet soft, is turning just to match the
russet brown
Of the leaves that crisp and flutter from the waving
branches down,
But there is no somber sadness in this sign of creeping
age
For the year is brave, triumphant in the glory of
her wage.
Though her days are growing briefer and her nights
hold hint of cold
Yet from every tree and bramble shines her wondrous
wealth of gold.

As the Master decks the woodland with such beauty
 near the end
Will He not, to His dear children, richer, rarer
 garments lend?
In a radiant coat of colors will He robe the ripened
 soul,
And in every rent or wrinkle place a patch of wis-
 dom's gold.
When the spring of life is over and the summer too,
 is past,
We will find life's brightest blessings have been
 kept until the last.

Mary Tarver Carroll.
Montgomery, (Ala.) Advertiser.

THE LURE OF THE TRAIL.

The gypsy sun is high all day,
 And the gypsy moon is bright,
But it's up again, and away, away,—
 We're breaking camp tonight.

Over the mountain, down the stream,
 Ah, but the trail is good,
Then halt! We raise the tents, and dream,
 Back in the gypsy wood.

So, it's up again, first low, then high,
 Ever the trail along,
With the call of the earth, the winds and the sky,
 In the gypsy's luring song.

Among us all there's scarce a man,
 Without the gypsy strain,
Who once has followed the patteran,
 But longs for the trail again.

Boston, (Mass.) Evening Record. Floyd Meredith.

TO THE POET.

Sing not for gold—
Tinkling, yellow sorcerer,
Sun-metal, joy-giver—
Not now!
Behold the bleeding wounds of death!
But let your poem be
A brother's call
To torn humanity,
Awakening all
From out the sleep of Time.
Sing for the land,
The day is at hand!

Sing not for fame—
Enthralling fame, consuming fame,
Adulator of your name—
Not now!
The millions slaughtered plead with you!
But be the word you say
A saving light
Sure with its magic ray
To guide aright
The erring hearts of men.
Sing for the land,
The day is at hand!

Sing not for art—
Alluring, tempting art that plays
The coquette with beauty's sensuous ways—
Not now!
The mothers' tears have soaked the soil!
But let your message fall
An edged sword
Upon the great and small,
To cut the cord,
The dead enslaving cord,
That binds man's soul to his own self.
Sing for the land,
The day is at hand!

Sing not just for this day—
Not now!
The dead beneath the tombs still live!
But let your message hold
A throbbing heart,
Made of the ancient mould,
The great hall-mark of Time
That stamps the man as man,
To expiate the bloody crime;
A human heart,
With love to start
The old world anew.
Sing for the land,
The day is at hand!

Boston Transcript.

Robert M. Wernaer.

A FLANDER'S GRAVE.

(To Col. John R. MacRae, author of "In Flanders Fields", buried there 1918.)

In Flanders' Fields peace reigns to-night
Quiet are they who led the fight—
And bravely fought, but had to die,
That Freedom's banner still should fly
And Justice triumph over night.
Upon one grave by moon made bright,
God looks down, from an unknown height,
Where one now sleeps who wished to lie
In Flanders' Fields.

Where poppies bloomed, there now is white—
For snow adds glory to the site
Of his grave who in days flown by
Had loved these fields where sky-larks fly.
He sleeps now, in the calm moonlight
In Flanders' Fields.

Nathaniel Nathanson.

Philadelphia, (Pa.) Enquirer.

THE MUSIC OF THE TREES.

How I love to hear the rustle of the leaves upon the
trees
When the foliage of summer is a moving in the
breeze
When the oak and beech and maple are a tuning up
the air
As they hear the quaking aspen sending signals
everywhere.

The deciduous forest people are a music making
band
With their symphonies so simple that a child can
understand
For there's meaning in their rythm and a pleasure
'mong the trees
When the wind is blowing through them and a
stirring all the leaves.

There's an overture in whispers which is soothing
to the ear
Then a chorus full of comfort just a chasing out
your fear
As the louder it is sounding and the louder yet
again
Till at last are joys abounding when it falls in
sweet refrain.

Yes, it brings you heaps of solace when the wind is
blowing soft
In a lullaby of nature which will bear you way
aloft
Till you leave this world of trouble with its fretting
and its care
As you listen to the rustle of the leaves a playing
there.

O, I love to stop and hearken to the music of the
trees
As the wind is sougling through them or a playing
with the leaves

There's a harmony that holds you in the noises of
the wood
Where I never tire of listening for it does a fellow
good.

Michigan Tradesman.

Charles A. Heath.

OUR IDEALS.

Standards perfect as they can be.
Far from the mists of the visionary.
A high ideal.
To finite minds it has been given.
The goal to reach no less than heaven.
Among the real.
Youth dreams are fair and bright as fair,
Castles are built, and built in air.
Better than none.
Ambition large, with sweeping wing
Soul tendrils rise, to trellis cling
With eye on sun.
History provides to those who seek,
Names of honor both great and meek;
Examples fair.
From humble birth, with purpose true—
Have fought with will the battle through;
High honor share—
Hunt out their names, their value prize,
And in their spirit you may rise
To equal height.
Be good and just, the right proclaim,
The lower life with frowns disdain.
Walk in the light.
We need a pattern and a guide,
What it must be we must decide;
The will left free:
There is a way that's truly right
In which we walk with pure delight
In higher glee.
"I am the way, the life, the truth"

Reveals the right ideal for youth;
The world's best king;
The Prince of Peace, on earth to reign,
By cruel hands on Calvary slain—
Redemption bring.
Enthroned the prince these privilege days
His love, and light—guide all the ways;
The only way—
The "seemeth right" will end in night,
No morning break upon thy sight.
Enthroned today.

Buffalo, (N. Y.) Express. Ira Taylor Walker.

A BIRTHDAY

Sacred the day when youth hath reached sixteen;
True, 'tis but May o'erhung with morning's sheen,
Stern time may put our paths apart afar,
And death for me leave his great gates ajar,
Yet dying, I shall know a soul divine
Still lives to bless a better soul than mine;
Or, living, I shall know no feet more true
E'er pressed earth's paths than those that now
serve you.
Those faithful footfalls bless my anxious ear,
As trusted when afar as when their trail is near.

New Salem (Mass.) Union Perry Marshall.

ECONOMY.

"The ceilings in
The playhouses of New York
Very beautiful.
I know
Because I have been very near to them!
There are four balconies
In Carnegie Hall.

I know this, too,
Because I counted them
While I was looking down
At the infinitesimal singer
On the stage."

New York Sunday Tribune. Lilian Hall Crowley.

PIX NIX

I want to say a guy is nutty who says a picnic's lots of fun; his head is either made of putty or he's descended from a Hun. I'd rather hie me off to battle or work all day at beating rugs than go an' mingle with the cattle and hold communion with the bugs. But every year—just like a rummy—I fall for some girl's line of talk and let her drag me like a dummy, out where the cows are wont to walk, and then when morning lights her candle, I'll deck myself in Palm Beach suit, and grab a basket by the handle and for the country shake a boot. O'er dusty roads I'll drag that basket, through fields and over cobble stones, until I'm ready for a casket in which to lay my weary bones. The sun comes out and wilts my collar—my Palm Beach suit with sweat is damp—at last some girl lets out a holler: "Oh, here's a dandy place to camp!"—I heave a sigh—my eyes grow hazy, and in a shady spot I fall, then some poor fish, who's simply crazy, yells out: "Let's have a game of ball." And thus it goes until big blisters grow out upon our hands and feet and then we hear our noble sisters sing out: "Come on, it's time to eat." We gather 'round the festive table (some papers spread on terra firm), and breath the odor from a stable and watch the caterpillars squirm. The sandwiches are dry and dusty and made of meat that tastes like cat—the cold slaw's warm and somewhat rusty—the chocolate cake is squashed out flat. The

red ants like potato salad, they're on the job when it appears, the horse flies buzz a little ballad, the gnats make music in our ears. And yet, some people think it bully to live out with the horse and cow and with the worms both smooth and wooly, share a lot of scrambled chow, and ruin clothes that cost real money, and come home feeling mighty tough and think it strange—or leastwise funny, that I should say "I'm off such stuff." I'd like to write a thousand verses and knock this silly kind of time, but, CAR-R-RAM-BA, and likewise curses, I've run entirely out of rhyme.

Proofs.

George Lawrence Kinter.

HERE'S TO MY HOBBIES.

Now here, too, I have several hobbies,
My favorite? Well, now let me see.
It's candles at this very minute,
For I hear my wife say "Hully Gee!
If there he don't come with a package;
I'll venture an old candlestick.
This place will soon look like a junk shop
He certainly just makes me sick."

Of flints and such things I have several,
It seems I have little to spare;
I have letters and keys and old pictures,
Some coins and old chinaware.
Here's shells from all parts of the country,
Butterflies and insects galore;
Old books of all kinds in my bookcase
And still I long for some more.

And next, as I look at a picture,
I notice the old-fashioned nail;
The glass-headed kind, if you have some
Just send them to me through the mail.
And then, as I gaze at my cabinet,
I see my Ohio Store cards;

My brother's to blame for this venture,
In his hobby we seem to be pards.

In medals I find great pleasure,
They're all of great interest to me.
The furniture from great grandma's parlor
Now furnish my den, don't you see.
And so I could dream of my hobbies,
The greatest perhaps it is song,
For business with me, it is music,
So hobbies and music for me all day long.

Philatelic West.

E. Vernon Moore

THE WAGE SLAVE.

Gone are the days of youth and liberty,
Shackled and the yoke upon him, he
Must serve his time as others gone before,
Until he passes to that distant shore!
He lacks the strength to raise his tired eyes,
To gaze once more upon the drifting skies;
Life's burdens stoop his shoulders, hunch his back,
The while his spirit quails upon the rack!
The dreams of youth have long been vanquished
fair
Realty now greets him everywhere;
He has forgotten there are stars above;
Permitted hate to take the place of love!

Buffalo, (N. Y.) Enquirer.

Ralph Reid Rice.

WELCOME HOME.

It's the same old town, the dear old town
You saw in your dreams "out there",
Filled with precious stay-at-homes
Whose very breath was a prayer!
It's the same big town, the hustling town
That you told your pal about

When the post bag brought those messages
You couldn't have lived without!
We have not changed while you were away,
Our hearts are as true as steel
And this is the fact we are driving home,
The way we want you to feel.

We are trying to tell you in acts and words,
Oh men who have dined with Death!
But ours is the gratitude where tears
Well up and obstruct the breath!
Gratitude that you placed your souls
For our sake upon the rack;
But we're human enough to care still more
That the dear God brought you back!
So take it all in the spirit given—
Remember, we suffered too—
While the old town we both so love
Holds out its arms to you!

Anna Hamilton Wood.
Harrisburg (Pa.) Telegraph.

CARAVANS

! The caravans are passing to and fro
Across the waste of dun and desert sands;
White-turbaned drivers with their merchandise,—
Rich stuffs and fragrances for far-off lands.

The caravans are passing back and forth
The thud of camel feet and tinkling bells,
And cries, till wearily, both men and beasts
Drop down to rest and drink from deep-dug
wells.

The caravans are passing on their way,
With freight of laughing joy and silent pain,
To that far sunset line of fire and flame—
And these will not return or come again.

Chicago (Ill.) Evening Post. Elizabeth Crichton.

UNUSUAL SEASONS.

Wherever I go, it's rather queer,
No matter what the time of year,
This one refrain I always hear;
 'A most unusual season!'

When I go south in month of May,
The darkies with their pleasant way,
When I'm chilled through and through, will say:
 'A mos' unus'al season!'

From blistering land I seaward fly
And when from heat I nearly die,
With scorching breath the natives cry:
 'A most unusual season!'

New York with operas, lectures, plays,
Make up a list of halcyon days,
Until you hear the people praise
 'A most unusual season!'

Where can I go where no alloy
With all of nature's laws destroy?
And let me once, at least, enjoy
 'An average, usual season!'

Lilian Hall Crowley.

Des Moines (Ia.) Sunday Capital

A SUMMER RHAPSODY.

A child sang in the street,
A bird sang in a tree;
With joyous heart and fleet
A child sang in the street,
And Violet's lips were sweet,
And my heart sang in me!
A child sang in the street!
A bird sang in a tree!

Atlanta (Ga.) Journal.

Boyron de Barras.

THE PROFITEERS.

America, to whom the peoples turn—
Those troubled peoples of the far-off East—
For leadership and guidance these dark
days;

America, so gallant and so brave,
That stands for all things generous and
fine,
Pouring her riches and her blood like wine
For the defenceless, the oppressed and
weak—

That she should come to such a pass as
this—
That this fair land should be a nesting-
place
For human vampires preying on the race!

Fine patriots these! How dare they, with
bared head,
Salute the Flag, withholding, as they do,
The necessities of the nation's life!
With bursting granaries, warehouses fat
With teeming stores, do they their fellows
hate,
Turning deaf ears—grafters extortionate!—
To the appeals of want, of feeble age,
The struggling myriads with meagre means,
The helpless widow with her hungry brood;
Have they no sense of human brotherhood?
O shame! O shame! That it should come to
this—

That in this blessed Land of Liberty,
This wondrous land so prodigally blessed,
From north to south, from east to golden
west,
With every natural resource, grain fields
vast,
With teeming woods and waters, mighty
seas
So lavish of their gifts beneficent,
Men should abuse their precious privilege

To take advantage of their freedom so—
Freedom to fatten on ill-gotten gains,
To rob and cheat, and hoard the nation's
stores,
To stunt the children with a lack of bread,
Dwarfing the coming race! O might there
be
Less, less of freedom, more humanity!

Boston (Mass.) Transcript. Louella C. Poole.

BEYOND RECALL (A Song)

I'd give you my share of the sunshine,
And gladly accept all your pain;
I'd add all your burdens upon mine,
Could I call back your spirit again!
I'd give you those "happiest hours,"
For which you so often yearned;
I'd line all your pathways with flowers
If only your spirit returned!

Chorus.

Dark are the days since you left, dear;
Life has not been just the same;
Ah, dear, could your spirit return here,
My striving would not be in vain!
I'd give you my share of life's pleasures,
And lure all your troubles away;
I'd give you my most precious treasures,
Could I bring back your spirit today.
I'd willingly bear all your sorrow,
Smother with kisses each tear;
Come back dear heart, or tomorrow—
May God call me to you, dear!

Ralph Reid Rice.
North Tonawanda (N. Y.) Evening News.

SPRING DELAYED.

O, why do you tarry so long, Spring?
The almond has budded and blown;
The lark will grow tired of her song, Spring,
The yaffel laugh turn to a moan.
The fans of the alders unfurl, Spring;
The osiers grow silky and sleek,—
More gold than the locks of a girl, Spring,
More soft than the down on her cheek.
Come waft o'er the waves of our seas, Spring!
We sigh for the sound of your feet!
Come couch in our buttercup leas, Spring!
No glades in the world are so sweet.
No meadows so green in the South, Spring,
Yet why are you lingering there?
The bloom and the laugh on your mouth, Spring,
The sun in the treads of your hair.

Henry Newman Howard.
Rochester, (N. Y.) Herald.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Ah! who shall write his history.
And who shall tell his story?
And who shall name his victory?
And who shall mark his glory?

He served no master but himself,
And used the chast'ning rod;
He feared no party, power nor pelf,
His only Conqueror, God.

Of all great men in this great age,
In God's most wonderful plan,
He stands as warrior, seer and sage,
The Great American.

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Kansas City Star. Henry Polk Lowenstein.

THE MINUTE MEN OF MARYLAND.

It was the time when Freedom's flame,
Far flashing o'er the sea,
Aroused America once more
Her champion to be.

Scarce had the stirring call been heard,
Throughout the waiting land,
When forth from Baltimore there marched
A gallant patriot band.

'Twas Maryland's Militia boys,
Her noble sons in blue,
Who came with eager hearts aflame
And will to dare and do.

Like Boston's Minute Men of old,
Full armed and elate,
They sounded Freedom's battle cry
To all their native state.

The early April sunshine shone,
Upon each lifted head,
As forth from Richmond Armory
They marched with steadfast tread.

A happy band of sailor men,
All ready for the fray,
They passed with banners lifted high
'Mid crowds that thronged the way.

I thought the dauntless Maryland Line
Marched with our boys along,
And shades of Old Defenders rang
Their deathless slogan song.

The Navy guards its secrets well,
Its deeds no pen may tell,
But great achievements speak for those
Who bore their part so well.

The North Sea knows their story
And Atlantic's echoing gales
Might tell in tones of triumph
A thousand thrilling tales.

O winds, blow tenderly and low
Above our boys who sleep!
Love-sentinelled, the waves shall keep
A watch profound and deep.

Theirs is a deathless glory,
Let no useless tears be shed,
To love and cheer the living
Is true reverence for the dead.

Our city's gates are open wide
In welcome warm and true
To all the comrades of the sea,
The gallant boys in blue!

Maria Briscoe Crocker.
Baltimore (Md.) American.

SLEEP IN FRANCE.

They sleep in peace, those boys of ours
Under the soil of France.
Neath winter snows and springtime flowers
And the breezes as they dance.
So let them rest, the lads so brave,
Yes, rest there side by side
With freedom's flag to guard each brave
The flag for which they died.

They rest so well, the flag unstained
By greed or lust or fear,
They died for honor—well attained
For all we hold most dear.
So laddies, sleep your last long sleep,
When courage won the day
Mute memories for France to keep
Of all we had to pay.

Oh mothers, you who gave your sons,
Be first to say "I know
My boy would lie where freedom's guns
Laid hate forever low.

His body may be far away
His spirit's close to me,
So rest, dear lad, yes rest for aye
In France across the sea."

New York (N. Y.) Herald.

Katherine Paul.

"DRIVES."

Now if you know just what it means,
To have a quarter in your jeans,
To squander on some pork and beans,
Just as you please some day.
Or. if by some mysterious chance,
You have a peso in your pants,
And you expect to take a prance
Along the "Great White Way".
And still more wonderful, if true,
You've saved an "iron man" or two,
And you've decided what to do,
When you get three or four.
Or finally, it may be so,
You have an old sock full of dough,
More than you really want to blow,
For several years or more.

Well, if you've managed to survive,
With all that honey in the hive,
It's time we make a little "drive".

Upon your stock in trade.
The Ancient Workers In The Dark,
The Lounging Lizards Of The Park,
Or some mysterious man of marque,
All need a little aid.

You may have labored years to get
A few simoleons in the net,
Enough to keep you from the wet,
And hold the wolf at bay.
But what's the use to work and thrive,
Subscribe it all while you're alive,
And force your heirs to stage a "drive",
To lay your corpse away.

—E. L. Aultman.

Los Angeles (Cal.) Daily Times.

A KEY TO SUCCESS.

"Gee, but I wish that I was nice like her,"
A whispered sigh through the darkened theater,
Prompted by a player's winsome grace,
Endowed with lovely charm and fairest face,

Who so skillfully displayed her art,
As though she were kin to that chance part,
And this wisp of a prayer, it seemed to me,
Voiced the World's questioning plea.
The pity, that one vainly desired,
The qualities in another admired,
Swiftly a truer thought put this to rout,
Silencing rebellious, dispelling doubt.

None are singled for blessings rare,
No meager limit to each one's share.
Foolish and fruitless these wishful sighs,
Each his gifts must learn to recognize.

Whom you envy expressed what he knew,
Within himself he could be and do.
He who rightly believes within his heart,
May play, indeed, a glorious part.

Oakland (Cal.) Tribune. Eva Lovell Dunbar.

THE OLD FRIEND.

She was my friend always—so kind, so patient,
Giving so much and yet demanding naught;
So tolerant of all my wilful ways,
So quick to praise my worth, so slow to censure.
She helped me much,—a motherless young wife,
And I,—with all the arrogance of youth accepted
as of course,
With scarce a thought;
I loved her; yet not once did it occur to me to
tell her so;
Not one caress when she was weak and suffering:
Now she is gone.
I miss her cheery greeting; I cannot go again
To ask her how,—and whence—and why—
And come away informed.
I never dreamed her sympathy and interest meant
so much;
Nor how rare is such a friend.
My busy life goes on; its' joys and sorrows fol-
low fast apace
And no-one seems to care.
She cared. But she is gone.
Last night in dreams I found her; and I cried
And held her close and kissed her;
And she smiled. And then I knew
How cruel I had been and just how selfish.

Oh, God, may I in all the years to be
Lavish my love on friends while yet with me.

Home Life, Chicago, Ill. Pearl Haley Patrick.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

In the gray twilight of the year,
When woods and fields are brown and sere,
 And chilling breezes blow
The rustling leaves in drifting heaps;
When, stilled at last, the cricket sleeps,
 To see the Summer go.

Then come with dainty, airy grace
To glorify the vacant place
 Within the garden close
Where dwelt the lily chaste and white,
And through the brief sweet summer night
Pale amorous moths on wings of light
 Wooded the voluptuous rose.

A bevy of the bonniest flirts.
In ballet dancers' fluttering skirts
 They coquette with the breeze,
And watching their wild pirouette
In mad abandon, we forget
The Summer's flight, while breathing yet
 Their pungent fragrances.

O how our hearts were gladdened when
The crocus opened once again
 Her shy, sweet starry eyes!
And now in Autumn's dreary chill,
With joy akin to that we thrill
When danced the first gay daffodil
 Beneath the April skies.

"Come back! Come back! O longer stay!"
We cried as Summer slipped away.
 "Come back with us to dwell!"
Then, seeing how our hearts she wrung,
Her bright chrysanthemums she flung
The withering leaves and grass among,
And smiled a last farewell.

Louella C. Poole.

Boston, (Mass.) Transcript.

THE HOME COMING.

Hail to the lad in the kahki weave
Who has heard his country's call,
Who has fitted himself to fill a nook
In service great and small,
Who has faced the dangers at the front,
Where the shells fell thick and fast
Who has heard the cannon's bellow,
And the bullets as they past.

But his heart will beat the lighter
As he leaves those things back there
To sail across the ocean wide
To a land that is most fair,
Where a warm handclasp awaits him
And a cheerful word or two
Will help to banish from his mind
The blackness he's been thru.

And the crippled lad, is coming, too
For him we must not grieve;
Some must make true Sacrifice—
'Tis the lad in kahki weave.
So brush away the useless tear
And with a smile imbue
Then he'll forget the sting of war
In the joy of his service, true.

South Bend Tribune.

Mat O. Long.

"WHAT ABOUT THE HOSSES?"

We had sought the sweet seculsion of an old estam-
inet
And the wine-cup circulated in the old familiar
way,
We had fed our hearts on memories, and talked as
soldiers will

Of the comrades "pushing daisies" on a barren
shell-marked hill,
But one Western boy was silent—never lifted up
his head,
Till resentment seemed to stir him, and he raised
his eyes and said:

"But what about the hosses
In the roll-call of the dead?
Are they mentioned in the losses—
Has a single word been said?
Is there any simple token of their
agony unspoken—
Have they any wooden crosses
In the valleys where they bled?"

Our thoughts flew back like lightning, and across
the brimming cup
We saw the beasts of burden bringing ammunition
up—
The endless line of transport winding all across
the hill,
And the starving and the dying on the fields at
Aubreville—
The misery, the fortitude of those that had been
gassed.
And the eyes of silent sorrow, pleading patience as
they passed.

Aye, "What about the horses?"
On the blazoned scroll of Fame—
The pulling, hauling horses,
And the broken, blind and lame,
Giving every ounce of power, to the grasp-
ing, dying hour—
Where's the martyr in the forces
Played a better, braver game?

William V. V. Stephens.

New York, (N. Y.) Times.

EPILOGUE.
(Death of Roosevelt).

The Great Adventure now is his,
The prize that was to be now is.
The Knight has laid his armor down,
Our chief Crusader wears his crown.

He fought his fight, he kept his faith,
His life sings requiem for his death,
The curtain falls, the lights are gone;
The brief night grows to gradual dawn.

The long light of the Day begins,
The stars fade out, the Sunburst wins,
No flight of years his fame shall dim—
God own him son, Christ welcome him.

Ithaca, (N. Y.) Daily News.

Alvin B. Bishop

SUFFER THE POOR POETS

It is not seemly in thee to speak ill
Of him who striveth to make poetry,
Though he lacketh tutelage and wants skill

Are not six pieces of fair parchment
Sold in a jitney shop for a cent?
And a pot of black ink for a dime?
And pens for a penny apiece?

Then, if for a shilling, or less,
Thou mayest, if willing, possess
All things a poet may require
(Save only an innermost fire).

It is not seemly in thee to speak ill
Of thy brother, and deride his poor verse,
"Till thou displayest still more excellent skill,
If thou darest try, thou mayest do worse!

Buffalo, (N. Y.) Enquirer.

Joe Roscoe Conklin.

MOUNT THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

As Roosevelt peak will tower above its kind,
He rose resplendent as a master mind!
Fearless and frank with words and daring deeds
He saw with vision clear the Nation's needs,
A truly great and noble manly man!
The finest type of an American.

The grandeur of his soul came shining through
Fair as the mountain kissed by morning dew,
Beneath the glowing radiance of the sun
Reflecting strength and beauty all in one.
He knew no fear save that of doing wrong,
The storm of opposition made him strong.

He showed a wondrous aptitude and power
In grappling with the issues of the hour,
Towering resplendent like the mountain vast
He speaks to us from out the mighty past,
To guard our well loved land of liberty
If we would keep it staunch, and safe and free!

We name this mountain on the day of days
When hearts are praised with patriotic praise;
When phoenix-like fair liberty did rise
And mount on wings of grandeur to the skies!
Freedom has had a wondrous rebirth—
And blessed peace is spreading o'er the earth.

Mrs. Henry Armstrong.
Boston, (Mass.) Evening Record.

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSIESE.

Across the centuries I call to thee
Oh time I too, had lived in Italy
So long ago!

Oh that I then had but the joy to see
Thy face, when calling Brother Wolf to thee
Thou gain'st his promise never more to be
A human's foe!

And also when the birds obeyed thy word
Thy little sisters—who thy message heard
In silence deep.
At thy permission they again did sing
A song triumphant as to noble king
Who held them by his love—stilled voice and wing
But not asleep!

Across the centuries I call to thee
Oh that I too had followed thee 'cross Italy
Thou saint so fair!
In our abode thou mightest have stayed awhile
I might have ministered to thee with a smile
As a poor clare.

Buffalo Evening Times.

Phoebe A. Naylor.

HOME LONGINGS.

In Flanders there are pretty maids,
And charming girls in France;
In Britain they have rosy cheeks,
And eyes that slyly glance.
But sweeter far the girls at home,
So lovely, kind and true;
Who pray for us wherever we roam,
Their boys in drab and blue.

We fought the foe, we beat the foe,
And now the strife is o'er,
We saw our comrades bleed and fall,
Some fell to rise no more;

They shed their blood in freedom's cause,
For liberty they died;
"God rest their souls, "our chaplin prayed,
"Amen", we humbly cried.

The beauty of the Rhineland,
Has no charm to bind us here,
For in our own dear homeland,
There are streams and scenes more dear;
With joyous voices singing,
We will gayly cross the sea;
In the arms of dear old mother,
We'll forget war's misery.

Philadelphia, (Pa.) Press.

—J. G.

VIVE LA VICTORYLOAN!

Ventilate voices: "Victoryloan! Victoryloan!! Victoryloan!!!"
Versify Vehemently; Visualize; Verbalize; Vociferate Verbatim:
Victoryloan! Victoryloan!! Victoryloan!!!
Venture "V's" Victoryloanward! Verify Valorous Victors!
Victrolas, Vaudevillists, Ventriloquists;
Vamp! Vamp!! Vamp!!! 'Vest! 'Vest!! 'Vest!!!
Vive-la Victoryloan!
Voila!

New York Times.

Clive Newcome Haritt.

**THE YEARBOOK
OF
NEWSPAPER POETRY
1919**

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(Mass.) Record; God's Legion,*** Boston
Pittsburg (Pa.) Gazette Times; Le Bois De
(Mass.) Record; Communion Of Saints,***
La Brigade Des Marines, Pittsburg (Pa.) Ga-
zette Times; Attainment, Pittsburg (Pa.) Ga-
zette Times; Life's Fulfilment,* Pittsburg
(Pa.) Gazette Times; The Light Eternal,
Pittsburg (Pa.) Gazette Times.**

**Poole, Louella C. A Cricket Singing In The Mar-
ket Place,*** Boston (Mass.) Transcript;
Charles Dickens,*** Boston (Mass.) Tran-
script; The Profiteers,*** Boston (Mass.)
Transcript; Chrysanthemums,*** Boston,
(Mass.) Transcript; The Stowaway Cat,
Boston (Mass.) Post; Dumb,* Boston (Mass.)
Post; On Forbidden Ground,* Boston (Mass.)
Transcript; On Listening To A Group Of Dick-
ens' Songs, Boston (Mass.) Transcript.**

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- Price, James R. The Old Brush Heap,*** **Modern Woodman**.
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quirer; Mother,* **Buffalo Times**; Life's Tragedies,** **North Tonowanda News**; Vagabondage, **Buffalo (N.Y.) Enquirer**, Marguerite, **Buffalo Enquirer**; Kathleen,* **Buffalo Times**; Ask Mother,** **Buffalo Enquirer**; Lovers Ever, **North Tonwanada News**; Say Them Today,* **Buffalo Enquirer**; Lines To Dorothy Davis.*** **North Tonowanda News**; Lines To Joan.*** **North Tonowanda News**; Beyond Recall,*** **Buffalo Times**; Mary,*** **Buffalo Enquirer**; The Jailer Spouts,*** **North Tonowanda Evening News**; Discontent,*** **Buffalo (N. Y.) Enquirer**; The Wage Slave,*** **North Tonowanda Evening News**.

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Schneider, John J. Every Mother's Son, **Hudson**

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- Springer, Katherine. The Deserted House, **Buffalo (N. Y.) Express.**
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- Stephens, William V. V. The Girl At Neuville Crossroads,*** **New York Times**; What about The Hosses'?*** **New York Times**; The Transport,*** **New York Times.**
- Stevens, James S. The Twenty Sixth Division, **Hartford (Conn.) Courant.**
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- Turner, Frederic T. Fighters Come Home, **Buffalo Commercial.**
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- Wilber, Willis C. Welcome, Gallant Hearts, **Buffalo Express.**
- Winter, Louise. In Peace We Are Brothers All, ** **New York Herald.**
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- Woodie, Susannah. The Canadian Herd-Boy,** **Detroit Journal.**
- Woodman, James M. The Stamp Book,*** **Waukegan (Ill.) Gazette.**
- Youthers, Merrill Arthur. God Is Guiding,** **The Oregonian.**

BIOGRAPHICAL INDEX.

Alexander, Grif. Born in Liverpool, England, 1868. Editorial Paragrapher. President American Press Humorist Association. Interests; "My wife, my work, my farm, my pipe." Home, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Andrews, Charlton Born at Connersville, Ind., Feb. 1, 1878. Educated at University of Chicago, and Harvard University. Writer and Teacher. Author of: **A Parfit Gentil Knight; The Drama Today; The Technique of Play Writing; His Majesty The Fool; The Interrupted Revels; The Torches (from the French); and Ladies' Night.**

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Armstrong, Mrs. Henry. Born at Rockland, Mass., 1870. Educated at Rockland Public Schools and Blish School of Oratory, Boston. Interests; Homebuilder, Writer and Public Reader. Home, Dorchester, Mass.

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Aultman, E. L. Born at Cincinnati Ohio, Jan. 22, 1864. Educated in Common Schools. Clerk. Interests, Reading. Home, Los Angeles, Cal.

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Baker, Alice. Born in Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 1878. Her interests are: home-duties, poetry, nature, and constructive religion. Home, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Bishop, Alvin B. Born at Albany, N. Y. Jan. 22, 1863. City Editor **Ithaca Daily News**. Author **Songs After Noon**. Home, Ithaca, N. Y.
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Boerner, Otto. At the time of the writing of the poem which we publish he was with the Motor Transport Detachment, R. A. R., A. P. O. 707, A. E. F. France.
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Bond, R. T. Born at Georgetown, Ill., 1861. He is a contractor and builder. Home, Coalgate, Okla.
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Burns, Millard S. Born at Buffalo, N. Y., April 7, 1854. President and Secretary of Palen & Burns, Inc. Wholesale Lumber & Coal Co. For many years President of the Buffalo Children's Aid Society. Warden in the Protestant Episcopal Church, Member of Committee of Management Central Branch Y. M. C. A. Home, Buffalo, N. Y.
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Crighton, Elizabeth. Born in Stony Stratford, England, Sept. 12, 1869. Educated in English Private Schools. Occupation, writer. Her interests are literary. Home, Chicago, Ill.

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Crone, Esther C. Born at West Lebanon, Ind., March 3, 1870. She is a Seamstress, has taught school, is interested in Music and Art. Home, Los Angeles, California.

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Crowley, Lilian Hall. Born Feb. 14, 1873. Educated at St. Catherine's Academy, Omaha, Neb. Home, Des Moines, Ia.

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-- Conklin, Joe Roscoe. Born in Noblesville, Ind., June 17, 1869. Educated in the Public Schools. He is a retired reporter, playwright, novelist, and verse-writer. He says of his occupation that he is a literary amateur. Of his interests he says "Soldiered in the Phillipine Islands, Lake Seaman, Woodsman, traveler, and all round adventurer." Home, Buffalo, N. Y.

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DeBarras Boyron. The pen-name of J. E. Scruggs. Born at West Point, Ga., Aug. 17, 1890. Salesman. Home, Atlanta, Ga.

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Dunbar, Eva Lovell. Home, Oakland, California.

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Fandel, Peter. Born at Aechternach, Luxembourg, Aug. 13, 1862. Came to America in 1871. Educated in the Public Schools. Salesman. Interests, Playwriting, the drama and music. Home, St. Paul, Minn.

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Fishbein, Morris. Assistant Editor, Journal of the American Medical Association. Physician. Home, Chicago, Ill.

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Frasier, Scottie McKenzie. Business Manager of Dr. Frasier's Hospital. Home Dothan, Ala.

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Free, George H. Born at Byron, Ill., Sept. 6, 1866. Railway Postal Clerk. Interested in Gardening, Photography, and Masonry. Home, Algona, Iowa.

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Furman, Lucy Hays. Born at Oxford, N. C. July 7, 1865. Occupation, Home-maker. Home, Oxford, N. C.

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Goodenough, Arthur. Born at Brattleboro, Vt., Nov. 11, 1871. Farmer and writer. Interested in Literature and Sociology. Author of: **Blossoms of Yesterday; My Lady's Shoes and Other Poems.** Home, West Brattleboro, Vt.

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Goodhue, Edward S. Born Arthabaskaville, Canada, Sept. 29, 1863. Physician. Interest, Authorship, gardening, travel in U. S. Author of: **Verses From the Valley; Under Our Palms and Stars; Songs of the Western Sea; Out of the Pigeon Holes.** Home, Honolulu. Summer home, Pokoo, Molokai, Hawaii.

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Henry, Anna Graves. Born at Barnesville, Ohio, Jan. 5, 1879. Interests, art and writing. Home, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Hemphrey, Malcolm. We have been unable to obtain data concerning this poet, other than the statement published with the poem; "Lance Corporal A. O. C. (B. E. F. Nairobi, British East Africa.)"

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Johnson, George Sands. Born at Darien, Conn. June 23, 1860. He is a Decorator. Author of poems: **For The People; Ballads of the Seasons.** Home, Ithaca, N. Y.

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Kelsey, Le Roy Huron. Born in Atchison, Kansas, July 26, 1871. Special Farm Loan Examiner for Fidelity National Bank and Trust Co. Supreme Representative, Knights of Pythias. Educated at Midland College, M. A., and was its first graduate in 1891. Author of **Random Rhymes**; "**Lesson of Friendship**." Home, Kansas City, Mo.

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Kinter, George L., (Uncle Jarge). Born in Blairsville, Pa., 1889. Assistant Business Manager **Oral Hygiene**. Home, Crafton, Pa.

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Kennerly, Adelaide. Born in Indiana, Jan. 18, 1890. Newspaper and Syndicate Writer. "A Pullman Car Wanderer." Columnist. Editor of **Heart Beats**, and **The Woman's Department in the Omaha, Nebraska, Bee**. Home, New York City, and Omaha, Nebraska.

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Long, Mat O. (Mrs. Mattie O. Long). Born in Morrow County, Ohio. Dec. 14, 1872. Educated in the Public Schools. She has been a regular contributor to the Slant column of the South Bend Tribune, and has written some short stories. Home, South Bend, Indiana.

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Lowenstein, Henry Polk. Born in Monroe County, Tennessee, March 14, 1859. He was educated at White Hall, Illinois, and is a Lawyer. Many of his poems are private publications, all are copyrighted and those used in this publica-

tion are so used by the permission of the author.
Home, Kansas City, Mo.

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Maring, Helen E. Born in Seattle, Wash., Jan. 27, 1900. She is a student at the University of Washington, and is Assistant at the Juvenile Court. Her interests, writing. She has two books of fiction and one of verse in preparation. Wrote her first poem at the age of six.

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Marshall, Perry. Born at Lemster, N. H., Sept. 3, 1849. Physician. Educated at University of Vermont, Hahneman Medical College Philadelphia, Pa., and Harvard University. Author of **Light And Shadow; Vineland; Launching and Landing; Austru; Great Britain.** Home, New Salem, Mass.

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Manchester, Leslie Clare. Born in North Collins, N. Y., June 23, 1875. He is a Clergyman, although not preaching at present. Interested in writing. Author of, **The Funeral at Egg Hill.**

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Meredith, Floyd. Home, Kleyona Tract, R. F. D. No. 2., Phoenixville, Pa.

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Moore, E. Vernon. Born in Verona, Ohio, Dec. 18, 1885, Supervisor of Public School music and Bank Clerk. Interested in song poems and curios. Home, Lewisburg, Ohio.

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Nathanson, Nathaniel. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 6, 1899. Is a teacher, student and writer. Home, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Naylor, Phoebe A. (Mrs. J. J. Naylor). Home Buffalo, N. Y.

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Noatman, Franklyn S. Born in Weathersfield, N. Y. July 31, 1858. Poet-Correspondent. Home, North Java, N. Y.

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Norren, Undine. Born in France, raised in Sweden. Came to United States in 1905. Interests are Church and Red Cross Work. Home, South Wales, N. Y.

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Osborne, Anna H. Born in Currensville, Pa. Is a Song-writer. Home, Milton, Pa.

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Parker, Joseph. Unable to obtain any data as to this poet. The poem was written while he was with the A. E. F.

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Palmer, Henry R. A graduate of Brown University 1890. Home, Providence, R. I.

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Palmer, William Kimberley. Born at Crawfordsville, Ind., March 19, 1856. Munition worker and farmer. Educated at Chicopee, Mass., High School. Author of, **Success and How It Can Be Won; Nobility of the Negro; American Nights.** Home, Chicopee, Mass.

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Patrick, Pearl Haley. Born in Marceline, Mo., March 25, 1883. Educated Marceline Public Schools, and Brookfield, Mo., High School. Interested in Church work. Writes some short stories. Author of: **The House of Dixon**. Home, Marceline, Mo.

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Peach, Arthur Wallace. Born at Pallet, Vt., April 9, 1886. College Instructor. Interests, the out-of-doors. Author of: **The Hill Trails**. Home Northfield, Vt.

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Phillips, Marie Tello, (Mrs. Watson P. Phillips). She is interested in charitable work, music and art. Home, Inghram, Pa.

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Powell, Arthur. Born at Reddick, England, Feb. 15, 1877. Author and Writer. Interests the stage, walking, gymnastics. Author, **Young Ivy On Old Walls**. Home, Stratford, Conn.

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Poole, Louella C. Born in Boston, Mass. Home, Boston, Mass.

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Randell, Charles E. Born in Portland, Maine, April 30, 1841. Educated in the Portland Public Schools. Retired Marine Engineer. Song writer. Home, Taunton, Mass.

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Rice, Ralph Reid. Born at Bualo, N. Y., Nov. 6, 1884. For his occupation he says he is "an Unskilled Laborer". His present address is North Tonowanda, N. Y.

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Scott, Mary J. Born at East Otto, N. Y., Dec. 1, 1842. Occupation Scientific Phrenologist. Home Little Valley, N. Y.

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Seymour, George Steele. Born at Jersey City, N. Y., Jan. 20, 1878. Accountant. Interests, photography, clubs and societies. Author of **A Guide Book of New York; A Year Book of the Empire State Society of Chicago**; joint author of **Estrays**. Graduate of Chicago-Kent College of Law. Member of the Bar of Illinois. Founder and past president of the Empire State Society of Chicago. With his wife, organized in 1919, The Order of Bookfellows.

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Southerland, Myrtella, (Mrs. Frank V. Keip). Born in Raisin Valley, Lenawee Co., Michigan, Dec. 22, 1881. Her occupation, she says, is "Outside of home interests, writer and musician." Home, Adrian, Michigan.

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Stewart, Luella. Born at Philadelphia, Pa. Typist of County Records and writer. Returned from France in June. Interests, music, art and theatre. She is preparing a book for publication. Home, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Stephens, Wm. V. V. Born in New York City. Is a Construction Engineer and farmer. Served in the A. E. F. with the 11th Engineers. Home, Yonkers, N. Y.

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Swift, Ivan. Born in Wayne, Mivh., June 24, 1873. Landscape painter and magazine writer. Author of: **Fagots of Cedar**, which has reached three editions, and **The Blue Crane and Shore Songs**. Home, Harbor, Springs, Michigan.

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Walker, Ira Taylor. Born at Gibson, Pa., May 22, 1838. Retired Minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Educated at Hartford University and University of Pennsylvania. Author of: **Coming to Christ and Following Him**. Home, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Wernaer, Robert M. Author of **The Soul of America**. Home, Cambridge, Mass.

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Wood, Anna Hamilton. Born at Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 13, 1881. Educated at Berkley Institute. Her occupation, she says, is: "Mother, wife, housekeeper, writer." Anniversary Poet on the **Harrisburg, (Pa.) Telegraph**. Author of: **The Voice of One**. Home, Harrisburg, Pa.

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Woodman, James M. Born in Chicago, Ill.
 Editor of the **Waukegan (Ill.) Gazette**. Author
 of **When Baby Cries At Night; Our Jackie; Down
 Round Our Pier**. Home, Waukegan, Ill.

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